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S c h e d i a s m s .

BY PAUL SIGGVOLK.

MY COUSIN TOM USHER.

My cousin Tom Usher is a 'go-ahead' fellow. Of a verity that is a character to be born and not made, as much as a poet's. Tom's lot in life has been hard enough, but if it had been ten times harder he would have made his way. Now don't misunderstand me. He never was a fidgety, restless, nervous fellow, who, from being ill at ease, flounders about until accident, or luck as we say, betters his condition. He never moved for the mere purpose of being in motion, or to gratify a thirst for something new. No, Tom is none of these; he is not a mote in the sun-beam, visible because opaque amid excess of light; but he is a sterling, steady, straight-forward, earnest, 'go-ahead' fellow. He goes through life, taking up arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing ends them, with as much system and steadiness of nerve as if his course in life had been always through smooth water and easy sailing. But it hasn't. I like to encounter and to contemplate such a character as Tom. It always does me good to meet him. He breasts the billows of life so manfully, and dashes the spray from him with so much of the graceful ease of an expert swimmer, that it makes one in love with life to see him and to come into his company.

I always set it down as a lucky day in the calendar, to be marked with a white stone, when I have encountered my cousin Tom. Every thing looks brighter that day. Every body seems in a better humor. Every man I meet greets me with a heartier recognition. There is an electricity or animal magnetism, perhaps, in him that is contagious. The sun I think shines more cheerfully afterward. It seems to me like the effect produced by coming out of a week of wet, dismal weather, into a bright, clear, open, autumnal or winter day. The exhilaration is a positive luxury. Indeed, it is the very opposite of the distressing and oppressive

feeling that comes over you as you pass a quondam acquaintance who, wrapped in poverty-stricken shabby-gentility, glances furtively at you and hurries by. That then is a sad weight you carry with you for hours afterward. You cannot put it off. You have perhaps forgotten the occasion or cause of it. You wonder what can be the matter with you; every thing goes wrong that day. You don't recall the shadowy figure you met, but you have come within *his sphere*. The malign shadow of his social genius has fallen upon you, and the incubus, like the old man of the mountain, is not easily shaken off. But my cousin Tom Usher's company is the antipodes of this. It always fills my blood-vessels with new life. I always think better, see clearer, feel happier, and work harder for having met him.

'I tell you that boy will be a man yet,' said Tom's uncle Job, with a mocking equivoue, to us boys, his cousins, one day when Tom was quite a lad. 'He is not to be fooled or caught with chaff, or ridden over rough-shod by other boys.' Tom was younger than the rest of us, and I guess we used, as boys will, to play some mad pranks at his expense. Still Tom was a manly little fellow, and never complained, but met all our gibes and practical jokes in good part, and when he got the opportunity adroitly turned the tables upon us, sometimes to our sad discomfiture. In truth, Tom did come up very fast. Still he was a thorough boy, and although manly in his heart, was not at all *mannish* in airs or character. Tom was a favorite of his uncle Job, who was a very kind-hearted man and very fond of children, and used to take Tom's part when he thought we were running him too hard. 'He'll fight his own battles with any of you yet,' Uncle Job would say, looking with mischievous eyes at the group of boys teasing little Tom. At this we were always a little disconcerted, and Tom a little reassured, and so the scales were often turned.

I look back upon those early days with a curious eye. From out of the little alphabets of those brief years of merry childhood I spell in my fancy the whole story of the lives and fortunes of many of us that have been syllabled to this later time. We used to assemble in the country some 'cousins by the dozens,' of nearly the same age, wildly let loose from school for the summer holidays of a month, and 'high times' we had, you may rest assured. The rendezvous was the farm-house of my grand-father, on the shore of LAKE RYE, a romantic and lovely little boot-shaped sheet of water nestling among the hills in the southern part of Westchester county; a spot thirty miles from this great metropolis, as yet neglected by art, but fitted by nature and destined yet to be, as I believe, the seat of every thing splendid in rural architecture and ornamental cultivation of which America is capable.

But I am digressing shockingly. I meant to say, Tom was my uncle's favorite. His was always the first top-knot that was killed in the day's gunning, if my uncle was the shot. If a pickerel was taken, it was Tom's, if my uncle held the hook. I am afraid we got very jealous of Tom, and so used to tease him the more. But he bore it very well. The rogue felt he could afford to do so as long as Uncle Job favored him. Indeed, I think Tom owes some of his practical 'go-ahead' character to his uncle. Uncle Job had almost a superstitious regard for successful

men. They had all his sympathy, and he could charitably overlook many of their faults. Beside, Uncle Job could *talk* to his own liking, and, in his own opinion, most profoundly. His *conduct*, to be sure, was feebler. He had started in life in this city with a large and increasing family, and only a few shillings in his pocket, having but a limited acquaintance with spelling and an intimacy with Daboll's Arithmetic as his stock of learning. Yet he had found means out of his savings as a tradesman to train up a large family of children, and educated them tolerably well. But though he had once aimed at amassing a fortune, his love of his family, and the necessity of a certain fixed means of subsistence, had so long accustomed him to calculate minutely the details of life, that by the very drudgery of it, though naturally a charitably large-hearted man, he had become in some way unfitted for those bolder experiments by which successful men coin their thoughts into gold.

The table was Uncle Job's favorite theatre for the display of his intellectual stores. It was real table-talk. I seem now to see him before me. How he would seize knife or spoon as his sceptre, when thus 'teaching his little senate laws!' His themes were usually copiously illustrated both metaphorically and pictorially. He would ransack the neighborhood, the farm-yard, or the wood-pile, nay, scour the entrails of the earth, for a simile; and he would carve the table-cloth into innumerable trapeziums in a pictorial or topical illustration. Little Tom used to look on during the performance very wisely, while the rest of us, graceless rascals that we were, slipped away whenever we could catch the opportunity to do so unobserved. It mattered not what subject was started at table, whether by a stranger if present, or by us older boys or the ladies; might it be science, religion, history, or what not, Uncle Job would seize it as if it were his prerogative to arrest the discourse, and open the campaign at once. His first charge upon the enemy was to deny the proposition, unless perchance it were too glaringly true. In that case he resorted to a sort of masked battery or ambuscade, and contented himself by ingeniously putting a Socratic inquiry, freighted with grave doubt, as to the equivocal meaning of the proposition asserted to be true. From this he plunged into a vortex of metaphor; thence he launched forth into an unknown sea of apocryphal statistics; and then gliding imperceptibly into a region of fabulous history and conjectural science, illustrated with copious personal reminiscences, derived from an annalist who had no annotator, by the aid of his own imagination and the indifference of his hearers, he at length slipped insensibly into a harangue upon the sagacity of men of forty-five, the frivolousness of women, and the giddiness of youth.

This was the general plan of the siege, although it varied sometimes to meet the exigencies of the occasion. When he approached the metaphorical illustrations, it was the signal for something unusual to be discovered by us boys out of doors, at which such as could manage under this stratagem to cover our retreat, fled: when the knife or spoon of Uncle Job began to map out the table-cloth into little triangles and circles, the cat and dog were sure to get into a spree under the table, and a few more boys rushing to the rescue dragged out the offending combatants, but forgot to return to the table. So it generally happened that by the

time of the peroration of Uncle Job's discourse, there was no one left to hear him but the ladies, and they came in for a share by way of illustrating the theme, and received a broadside upon the topic of their weaknesses in general, and incapacity for the management of children in particular. Tom, however, used to sit through all this very gravely, with his mouth sometimes wide open, in a sort of mute wonder. The rogue was a wag, I believe, even in his babyhood. He winnowed the wheat and blew away the chaff of these ponderous harangues. And I verily believe he must have profited largely by these wise discourses; for there was a great deal of very acute observation of men's motives and conduct and nature in them, despite their fantastic similes and metaphors, and assumed familiarity with things unknown, and doubt of things settled as fate. But the other boys were too frivolous to see their weighty wisdom, and so it was lost upon them.

Still I am digressing. I sat down to write a short chapter about my cousin Tom Usher. Well, the bud of Tom's childhood was chilled by untimely frost. Tom was soon overtaken by misfortune. His parents died and left poor Tom an orphan early in life. He was a mere stripling when his elder brothers went pioneering to the West and took Tom with them. I recollect little Tom when I bade him good-bye. His large eyes looked wondrous pitiful as he snapped asunder all the little tendrils that linked his young heart to us. We never thought to see him again. He was migrating to a wilderness that seemed to us so far beyond our mental horizon, it was like his going to another world. But we let him go, and soon forgot him. Oh the young heart, what an elastic thing it is!

Some years after, when I had grown to manhood, I met his elder brother, and then I thought of Tom. How is Tom? Has he grown a big boy? What sort of a chap is he? Does he recollect us? Will he ever come and see us? Yes, Tom was a remarkable boy. He had *so improved* the advantages of his village-school, he was fitted to be a teacher, and had assumed the birchen sceptre himself. In his odd hours he was reading medicine, and every penny he got by his earnings beyond his bare support went for books. This was the first news of Tom. He soon, however, came to New-York, read hard, attended lectures, got his degree, and went back to his western village, and took an office, and set out in life resolutely and in earnest—perhaps to starve. He remained about a year, and studied and practised, and practised and studied; and at the end of the year he was in debt for just his year's expenses.

Now here was a situation! Do you think Tom was discouraged? You or I would have been, no doubt, and well might we have been, and given up in despair, but Tom did not. He did what was worse: he got married. 'Now he'll surely starve,' said every body. But they were wise above what is written. Tom did not mean to starve yet, although he tells me now he is free to confess, it then looked very like it. He took a calm survey of the town and county where he lived, the number of people, the number of physicians, and the probabilities of disease and calls for medical attendance; and the result was a statistical certainty that, if he got his share of the patronage of the place, and was fairly paid, the year's business would just about keep him—in tooth-picks.

So he then cast about for something better, for he felt he could not easily be worse. Chance directed him to a small village on the Hudson, and on the bare computation of the number of inhabitants and ratio of physicians, without farther ado, and without asking the leave of the people among whom he proposed to make his new home, he came and hired him an office, and hung out a shingle: '*Doctor Thomas Usher!!*'

Still the face of things looked dark. People looked at the sign, and winced and shuddered at the temerity of the young man. The physicians of the place had many a jolly laugh at his expense. They had him dying of exhaustion and famine, and cunningly conned the prescription that should be his epitaph. Tom grinned and grated his teeth sometimes, but his courage never deserted him. He kept on studying, and reading, and thinking, and experimenting, and growing thin from privation and shabby from the leanness of his purse. At length he be-thought him of a bold stroke. There was a poor boy in the village who had been a cripple for some years. A leg was diseased, and the practitioners of the village had forbidden amputation as certain death. Tom thought differently. He studied the case, and turned it over and over again in his mind. Always it looked to him practical and proper to amputate. He laid the matter before the most eminent men whose acquaintance he had made in his profession, and they all said, 'Go ahead.' This was enough for Tom. Indeed, if it had not involved the life of one poor fellow, (and perhaps two,) I believe Tom would have gone ahead without foreign advice.

But I think I had better let Tom tell his own story now; so I'll give you his words as nearly as I can recall them:

'I thought,' said he, 'that it was high time I made a demonstration. I knew the stripling of a young physician who was supposed to be the 'coming man' of the place, and who was looked upon as the insuperable obstacle to my success, was a handsome, indolent blockhead, and I felt sure he would only act as a foil to me, if I could keep soul and body together long enough to give myself a fair trial. But I found that even in this little village people would n't go much out of their way to pick up a young stranger and give him credit for that of which they saw no evidence. I found, to use one of their own provincialisms, that I must somehow make a *sensation*. This boy-cripple seemed sent to me for the purpose. Having made all my arrangements, I sent a polite invitation to all the physicians of the neighborhood to be present; but whether they apprehended being accessories to a murder with 'premeditated design,' or whether they thought to show their indignant rebuke of a young up-start, not a soul arrived. The hour came, and I seemed likely to be alone in my glory. I waited until patience was exhausted. I must in candor say, I had contemplated a little mischief in having all my rivals present to witness my triumph, and was not a little chagrined at the failure of my full-blown scheme. Still this was only the moral part of the operation, and I could cut out this scene without damaging the plot or the play. As a *pis-aller*, I called in the barber's apprentice and a negro who did odd chores about the house for me, as my assist-

ants, and set to work. The deed was soon done. The patient survived, got better, got well, and soon walked about the village sound and well, minus a leg — a walking-advertisement of the wonderful surgical skill of Doctor Thomas Usher.

‘I looked now with sanguine expectations to have some notice taken of me. The village newspapers had both a minute and a poetical account of the brilliant skill of ‘the young stranger in our midst.’ I received a highly complimentary letter from the school-teacher of the village, whose family I had attended gratuitously; and altogether my star was in the ascendant. Still I had no calls, except some few who were as impotent of pocket as of body. Presently it began to be whispered among those medical men of the place who had heard of me at all, that this was a reckless piece of carving on my part; that it was a hundred to one the boy had died; it was all chance; and even if it had been skill and judgment, why, there were no more people there who wanted their legs cut off; and if that was what I had come to this village for, why, I might as well be the ‘other side of Jordan’ as there. It would n’t do. The current of Lethe was likely to be too strong for me. I was a graceless young up-start, who thought to take the town by storm, and it was fit and proper I should be permitted to starve in obscurity as a proper punishment. Things looked dark. I began almost to despond. Still I worked hard, and studied hard. I thought I would make good use of the leisure, in the event the time should come when I would be made busy.

‘This was my condition after I had been in this village for about six months. I had only a dogged sort of obstinacy and determination not to give up, to keep me going. I had resolved not to be put down, but to wait until my time should come. It so happened, that among a few others I had made a passing acquaintance with the sheriff of the county. Rather an ominous acquaintance, you’ll think; but I had n’t yet had the pleasure of an official visit from him, although I was fast approaching the hour when I might expect it. He was a very pleasant fellow, and quite a popular man in the village. Moreover, he kept an extensive shoe-store, which on market-days was the resort of half the town and all the country round about.

‘Well, one morning, as I was sauntering out, I met my friend, and had some talk with him. He seemed interested in me, and so pressed me with questions, and with such sympathizing conversation, that I was thrown off my guard, and before I well knew it, I had made him a confidant of my struggles and the up-hill work I had before me. I suspect I must have made an impression upon him; for when I was just ending some pretty long sentence full of the diagnosis of the disease of heart-sickness under which I was then laboring, he struck in, and slapping me upon the shoulder, and shaking me heartily by the hand, said he: ‘Young man, I understand your case exactly. Come along with me. I’ll set you up in business in twenty-four hours. I want you to walk into my shop and spend the day with me; you’ll go home at noon and dine with my family; this afternoon we’ll take a ride together; and to-night there’s to be a half-political supper at Squire Washburn’s tavern, and you must go there with me too. Walk in! walk in! There are the newspapers,

both of the village and of New-York. Now take a comfortable seat, and amuse yourself: only make yourself agreeable to every body who speaks to you, or whom I introduce to you.'

'The thought was electrical. The whole plan, like a scintillation of pure wit, flashed through my mind in an instant. The idea was capital. 'You're a shrewd fellow, Mr. Executioner-of-soles,' thought I; and so it proved. I passed the day as proposed. At midnight I returned home, and found my wife watching for me, half frantic with the agony of suspense, supposing I had either deserted her, or committed suicide, in utter despair. She was now quite as much confounded and surprised at the spirits I was in. My story was a long one to tell. During the day, I had made the acquaintance, personal and almost intimate, of nearly every man, woman and child in the place or neighboring country.

'Well, I had not been abed an hour, before I was waked by a terrible thumping at the door. It was my first *bona-fide* paying call. A rich old lady, whom I had chatted with for half an hour during the day, being taken suddenly ill, had sent for me. I was at her side in a few moments. Some trifling ailment disturbed her, and I soon left her comfortable; but had scarcely taken off my clothing, preparatory to a second attempt at sleep, when again I was summoned to attend a sick child of a fashionable lady from New-York, who was stopping for a week in the village. I found an easy case, and soon got it under control.

'I was called once more that night, but day-light was peeping over the hills when I got home again. From that day, bless the sheriff! I have had my hands full and mouth full and pocket full. My little rival has sunk into the keeper of an apothecary-shop, and the older physicians come now to read my books, and see my specimens and preparations, and ask my opinion, without waiting for an invitation. I have a half-a-dozen pupils, and am almost tempted to believe I have reformed the practice of medicine not a little in the place; but of that I shall not undertake to judge, but refer the curious reader to the bills of mortality when they shall be published.'

Such is the story of my cousin Tom Usher. He has eaten the bread of sorrow and poverty, and now prosperity smiles upon him; but he is still the same. Now as ever he marches up to an obstacle with the boldness that is half the battle; and he always bears his success without flippancy or flurry, just as if it was a natural and anticipated result of steady, calculating effort; and so, to tell the truth, I believe my heart it is.

New-York, December 20th, 1852.

'MELIORA LATENT.'

'DWELLERS in a cheerless present,
Mourning o'er a buried past,
All that's fully good or pleasant
In the future's hopes is cast.

'Present joys are chilled by sorrow,
Present griefs have all their weight;
From the future we must borrow
Sunshine from the gloom of fate.'

Scarborough, (Me.,) January, 1853.

Wrong, my Soul: not in the distance
Centres all the bliss of life;
In to-day's beset existence
More than hope sustains the strife!

Good enough the present showeth,
All desponding to forbid;
While this thought fresh strength bestoweth,
'Better's in the future hid.'

B R U N E T T A .

BY WILLIAM NORTH.

HUSH! let me record the eternal *vendetta*,
 The crime that has poisoned the springs of my life;
 The love and the hate of the dark-souled BRUNETTA,
 Our sworn, unappeasable war to the knife.

To-day I can speak, if to-morrow may see me
 Laid low with the hopes which my phrensy destroyed.
 What seek I? — the arrow of Death can but free me
 From life's darkest dream — the heart's measureless void.

My name has been blasted, my honor attainted;
 Men shrink from my touch, women turn from my gaze;
 In scorn's blackest colors my image is painted,
 Erst gilded by friendship and brightened by praise.

Each pigmy in wit, who has learned how to pander
 To lies a harsh world has once stamped with its seal,
 Can glibly catch up and reëcho each slander,
 And stab me in safety; whilst I — can but feel.

I plead not my innocence, prate not of virtue;
 Yet, monster of vice though I be, I would tell
 You who trample my fame that the world will desert you —
 You too — if you dare in your turn to rebel.

It was but a moment of passion capricious,
 A passing indulgence of fancy; a whim,
 The act of a spirit more reckless than vicious;
 A languid desire: and my star had grown dim.

Her dark eyes I gazed in; a few words were spoken —
 Words carelessly spoken, half uttered in jest;
 A friend was betrayed and a confidence broken,
 A woman let loose on the world and my rest.

I loved her not, dreamed not of love, when so boldly
 I gazed on her beauty that dazzled the sense,
 But fell on the heart, oh! so coldly, so coldly!
 Whose throbbings were weak as BRUNETTA's defence.

Her pale dark complexion, her black glossy tresses;
 Her large eyes that flashed the hot flames of desire;
 Her strong supple shape, her wild burning caresses,
 All failed to illumine the heavenly fire:

The heavenly fire, without which all is hollow
 Perversion of impulses noble and pure;
 Brief moments of pleasure, with long years to follow
 Of futile remorse and of pain without cure.

At our wedding of shame witches' prayers were muttered;
 We dwelt in one mansion, reposed in one bed;
 Fond words of affection I carelessly uttered:
 How wildly she hung on each word that I said!

How coldly I kissed her, then eagerly vanished,
 To join my young comrades, and squander the night
 In revel and laughter — the memory banished
 Of her, the lone watcher, so sad and so white!

Once as homeward I strode — strode with strides long and rapid —
 My blood all on fire, my brain heated with wine,
 Came o'er me the thought how all life was so vapid,
 The teaching of sages but cunning design:

How nature, by sense, was the sole revelation,
 The standard of duty, the holiest guide;
 How to choose 'twixt a pleasing or painful sensation,
 The point on which reason alone could decide:

How all moral systems, codes civil and penal,
 Were naught but inventions of error or craft;
 How practice mocked precept, how judges were venal;
 How fools bent and feared, how the wise dared and laughed.

Whilst thus to the hell in my soul I cast fuel,
 Arose a new thought wild as sin, black as night;
 The thought of a devil, cold, selfish, and cruel —
 A thought which I hugged with a fiendish delight.

I entered: in quick bitter tones to BRUNETTA
 I spoke, and a stab was each word that I said:
 'Why make a poor lie of existence? why let a
 Mean terror of pain ape a love that is dead?

'We must part! I can bear this sad falsehood no longer;
 Our lives' jarring discords now sundered must be.
 Than delicate scruples clear reason is stronger:
 Take freedom, BRUNETTA — give freedom to me!'

No word she replied: the despair in her features
 Had melted a heart yet more hardened than this;
 Some pity still lurks in the worst of earth's creatures:
 I lied to my soul with a hypocrite's kiss!

But the poison, for ever with life had been mingled:
 To savage resolve soon had thought given birth.
 A bleak stormy day for my purpose I singled:
 I fled — I was free — and alone on the earth!

I fled, but her voice in my ear still was ringing,
 Words menacing, fierce, in their passion supreme:
 To a new world far distant my flight I was winging,
 But *she* — *she* still haunted my soul like a dream.

I knew she would follow! No city could hide me,
 No threats drive her back, no entreaties buy rest;
 In the strength of her wrongs and despair she defied me,
 Her love grew to hate, and her hate was confest.

And wherever I fly, she will follow to taunt me,
 Stern vengeance to wreak, vain redress to demand;
 And were I to slay her, her shadow would haunt me
 Till I too should fly to the shadowy land.

New-York, August 23, 1852.

S K E T C H E S F R O M T H E C O V E .

N O M B E R T H R E E .

N E I G H B O R I N G .

UNDER the auspices of good Mrs. Wilson and her daughters, I have been making a round of visits to the people of the Cove, and the results have in some cases been so interesting, that I am tempted to introduce my readers to some of my new acquaintances. It is a trite remark, that human nature is the same every where, and that it is only circumstance which makes variety. If this is true, I think Cove circumstances must be very favorable to the development of the better part of human nature, for I have no where met with kinder hearts, or simpler, more truthful lives, than in this little fishing-village. Nor are the more elevated qualities wanting. The generosity of the Cove fishermen has become a proverb in this portion of the country, and many a deed of bravery and noble action is quietly performed here, for which a reward would be considered an insult, and praise would only excite surprise. It is true, they are uncultivated, and in a measure unrefined; and yet I have seen instances among them of a natural refinement of manner which more than equalled the outward polish of society, and of a delicacy of feeling which nothing external can give. This is particularly true of the men. In the women is more observable the narrowing tendency of a village life. They pass their days in a monotonous succession of petty cares, of gossiping, and often of hard work. Of course, there are exceptions, but I have seldom found in them the nobler traits of character which distinguish the men. And their lives would seem to lead to such a result. While they are busy at home with the care of their houses and children, their pigs and their hens, with no ennobling or elevating resources even in their moments of leisure, their husbands pass their days, and often their nights, on the ocean, surrounded by the most glorious scenes of nature, unconsciously drinking in lessons of beauty, freedom and power. The mind must be rude and untutored indeed which can resist the influences of such a life. God's teachings through nature are many and various, but none speak more plainly to the human heart than those of

the sea. The changing moods of our natures seem mirrored there, and our joys and sorrows and passions all find an echo in the voice of the sea. And in the grave, earnest faces of these fishermen, rude and rough as they are, I read that their ears have heard and understood the music of the ocean, and their hearts have felt, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, its poetry.

And now let us turn our steps to that small white cottage at the head of the village street. How neatly the door-yard is swept, and how gay is the little flower-garden! In the door-way sits a young girl about sixteen years old, holding in her arms a little child, who laughs heartily at its own vain efforts to seize the drooping blossoms of a scarlet honeysuckle which clusters round the door. The girl has thrown aside a net which she has been mending, and seems wholly occupied in watching the movements of her little charge. It is a pretty picture, and prettily framed by the sun-lighted door-way, bright with vines and flowers. But there is a sedateness and gravity in the young girl's manner, and a motherly tenderness in her eye, which ill accord with her slight figure and youthful face. You feel as you look at her that sunshine and flowers have not always formed part of her life. The serenity of her face is rather the slow sun-light which gradually breaks forth after a storm than the calm radiance of an unclouded sky. Poor Annie! her story is a simple and touching one, and told in few words. From her childhood her life had been an unhappy one. Her father, who lived in the neighboring seaport of G——, was a very intemperate man, and her mother, always weak and sickly, at last sank under the pressure of misfortune and poverty, and died when Annie was about twelve years of age. On her death-bed she committed her infant boy to Annie's care, making her promise never to leave him until he was old enough to take care of himself. After her mother's death, her father's habits grew worse and worse, and he gradually gave up the little business which had been the scanty support of the family. Annie worked night and day for him and her little charge, until her constitution, which was naturally strong and vigorous, began to give way under such an unnatural taxation of its powers. Her pale, anxious face excited the compassion of a kind neighbor who had often supplied her with work, and at times with food, and she tried to persuade Annie to leave her father, fearing that he might do her some injury in his fits of intoxication, and offered her a home with herself. But her answer was always the same. While her father did not harm little Freddy, she would never leave him; for herself she feared nothing.

But one day, in a fit of drunken fury, he struck the little boy a blow on the head which laid him senseless on the floor. Annie seized the child in her arms, and fled through the open door to the house of her kind friend, Mrs. Murray. Freddy soon recovered from the effects of the blow, but Annie still felt it at her heart; and although in the evening, when her father came for her, penitent and sober, she consented to go home with him, she never felt safe when Freddy was near him, and always contrived to put the child out of his way when he was in the house.

At this time there was a young fisherman from the Cove, who had come to G—— to get a voyage, boarding at Mrs. Murray's. He was

a witness of the scene we have just described, and was much moved by Annie's sad story, and interested by the sight of her sweet pale face. Mrs. Murray was never weary of sounding her praises, and he was a willing listener to the tale of her kindness and forbearance toward her drunken father, her devotion to the little boy, and the quiet self-sacrifice of her whole life.

He wished much to help her, and many a plan did he and good Mrs. Murray talk over for taking her away from her present wretched home, and placing her in a happier atmosphere; but their kind intentions were always frustrated by Annie's sturdy determination never to leave her father while he needed her presence in his house. At last the kind-hearted young man determined to consult a lawyer with whom he had a slight acquaintance, as to whether, if matters should be driven to extremity, Annie could not be legally removed from her father's care. But the lawyer, though much interested in the story, gave him no encouragement. As long as Annie would not complain of her father, and utterly refused to leave him, there was no legal process by which she could be compelled to forsake him. But as the young man was leaving his office, he called out jestingly:

'There is one way, Mr. Foster, in which you could legally attain your object. You might marry this young girl, and then no one could object to your taking her to your own home.'

John Foster laughed at this speech as he walked homeward, for he considered Annie as a mere child, though her life of care and trouble made her seem much older.

But during that day the words of the lawyer came back more than once to his mind, and when at evening he saw Annie's father pass the window reeling homeward, and pictured the scenes of fear and misery which would, perhaps, soon be enacted in the little house opposite, he asked himself, 'Why should I not marry her, and save her from so wretched a life?' He felt, indeed, that he did not love poor Annie as he had hoped some day to love a wife, but then he loved no one else, and this seemed such a direct opportunity to do a good action—to save a human being from misery. Whether he would have yielded to these generous impulses in the end, we know not, but even as these thoughts were passing through his mind, the door flew open, and Annie, pale and breathless, rushed in, with Freddy in her arms. 'Oh! save us, save us!' she exclaimed, as her father appeared in the door-way in a fit of drunken rage, with a hatchet in his hand. It was the work of a moment for John, who was a powerful man, to disarm the poor wretch; and after he had called Mrs. Murray to the assistance of Annie, who had fainted from terror, he seized her father by the arm and led him home. When he returned he found Annie recovered, and sitting quietly by Mrs. Murray's side by the cheerful fire. The whole aspect of the room was so bright and comfortable, and presented such a contrast to the cheerless home he had just left, and Annie was so gentle and womanly, and looked up in his face so confidently as she thanked him for his kindness to herself and her poor father, that again the words of the lawyer sounded loudly in his heart: 'You might marry her and take her home.' And this time honest John did not resist the impulse. He spoke to her first about

her father, and represented to her gently but firmly the injustice she was doing to herself and to Freddy by persisting in living with him. Then, warming with his good purpose, he told her of his interest in her, and his strong desire to help her; and at last, drawing nearer to her and taking her hand, explained to her simply and earnestly the only way in which she could secure a happy home for herself and the child.

Annie listened eagerly, never moving her large blue eyes from his face until he had finished. Once as he spoke a bright smile flashed like light over her pale features. But it faded as quickly as it came. The vision of happiness thus placed before her she was not even to think of.

After a short silence—and who can tell the struggle that passed in that tried but true young heart in those few minutes?—she gently withdrew her hand, and said, in her usual quiet, earnest way, that she would not take Freddy back to her father. She would leave him with Mrs. Murray, who loved him, and would take as good care of him as herself. But—and here her lips quivered a little—her father's home must be hers. She said she could not speak of John's generous offer, because she had no words to express what she felt about it, but that she should never forget it.

Good Mrs. Murray, who was present at this little scene, and who details it with a quaint simplicity which is indescribable, said that it was in vain John tried to turn Annie from her purpose. The next morning she went home to her father, and Freddy remained with Mrs. Murray. Soon after this John went away on a long fishing-voyage, and Annie saw no more of him. But she did not forget him, and she afterwards said that the remembrance of that last night gave her strength to bear up through many a fearful scene. And if after-events are to be trusted, John did not quite forget Annie; and we may well believe that in many a lonely night-watch the tearful blue eyes of the steadfast, true-hearted little maiden looked up at him from the blue sea, or gleamed down into his heart from the bright stars above. But be this as it may, certain it is that when, in a year's time, John came home from sea, and found that Annie's father was dead, and that she was living with good Mrs. Murray, he renewed his offer of a happy home to her, not now for her sake, but for his own; not as a kindness to her, but as a blessing to himself. Need I say that the offer was not this time refused, and that you and I, dear reader, are now paying our wedding-visit to Mrs. John Foster as she sits at her cottage-door in the bright summer morning, with little Freddy in her lap playing with scarlet honeysuckles?

There is an old saying, that there may be a cloud without a rainbow, but that there can never be a rainbow without a cloud; and the rainbow which now over-arches our little Annie's life seems all the brighter and more intense in its hues from the dark cloud which forms its background.

The next person we will visit is old Mrs. O'Brien. But on our way let us take a peep into the village shop, or the 'variety-store,' as it is universally called; and truly it deserves its name, for from a slate-pencil to a barrel of pork all the possible wants of man, woman, or child, can be satisfied here: I mean, of course, the wants of Cove men, women and children, for I think a fine city lady would be astonished and bewildered if

she were to enter this low-roofed domicile on a shopping expedition. The very window is a curiosity. Tumblers of marbles, crowned with aged oranges; saucers of many-colored sugar-plums; rosy-cheeked apples; wonderful gingerbread men riding impossible gingerbread horses; sticks of pink and white candy; strings of peppermints rather the worse for wear; a few weary-looking dolls, who seem to have rubbed the paint off their noses by leaning against the window-panes anxiously watching for a purchaser; strings of glass beads; all and each offer bewildering temptations to the village urchin who has become the fortunate possessor of a few cents; while the fresh pipes and tobacco, the bright ribbons, the pieces of gay calico pinned on the window-sashes as samples of the goods within, the glass dishes and painted crockery, present scarcely less powerful attractions to their parents. Bunches of fish-hooks rest quietly on beds of gingerbread, and large balls of twine make fine pedestals for statues of dried mackerel, while in pleasing contrast are interspersed tapes and crackers, pins and needles, straw rattles and tin trumpets of fearful sound.

We will not enter the glass-door, for I can tell by the tossing of the dingy brown turban which adorns the head of Miss Perry, that the good spinster is not in a balmy temper this morning; and as I wish to give an agreeable impression of the Cove, we will defer our visit to 'the store' until the storm has passed and the agitated head is quiet again. But we will not leave the good lady quite yet. She is a queer specimen of human nature, and deserves a few words as we walk down the village street on the way to my droll old washer-woman's cottage. Her violent temper and shrewish manners cause the village children to be afraid of her very voice, and yet the little back room behind her shop is filled with animal pets to whom she is always affectionate and kind. I have seen her in her shop with a kitten on her shoulder, a parrot perched on the top of her turban, and a squirrel peeping out of her pocket, alternately scolding a child who she thought was too long in making up his little mind whether he would have peppermint or lemon candy, and feeding her pets with the same candy, and addressing them in her most loving way. She has a rigid idea of justice, and will always give you a row of pins in change, if you chance to pay her half a cent more than is the price of the article you are buying, but in return she as rigidly demands her half cent, and is very angry if you overlook it. Her character seems made up of contradictions. With all her harshness, I have sometimes seen a sort of rough kindness about her which showed there was a soft place in her heart, if one only knew how to reach it. And in times of sickness or trouble in the village, her good qualities shine forth. Then Miss Perry is always sent for, and at such times I have seen a gleam of tenderness in her hard keen eye, and a look of compassion on her face, which changed its whole character, and seemed even to give a different aspect to her formidable old turban. And, by the way, I must not forget to speak of that turban—the terror of the village children. It is one of the traditions of the Cove that it has never been seen off, and some of the more superstitious people believe that it has grown to her head. Of the truth of this I cannot vouch; but of all the singular articles of dress I have seen since I have been at the Cove, (and they

are many and various,) this is the strangest in appearance. It is a foot high, made of some dark-colored woollen stuff, with broad wing-like structures at the sides, which seem almost separated from the central main building, which is always ornamented with one of the lady's pets, its flat, slightly concave top making a nice resting-place for them. Sometimes the squirrel's tail waves like a plume above this wonderful edifice, and sometimes the bright eyes of the kitten shine like diamonds in its front battlements. I have often laughed at the efforts of this same bright-eyed little kitten to maintain her lofty station while the turban was in violent commotion during one of her mistress's fits of anger. That she did so could only be explained by the fact that she was a Cove kitten, and used to rough weather.

I have spoken of the strange dresses to be seen here, and it seems, indeed, as if Fashion had never been able to hold sway at the Cove. There is a rumor that she came here once in the guise of a 'fashionable dress-maker' from G——, but the sturdy good sense of the Cove people repelled all her efforts for power. They laughed at her long waists and flowing sleeves, and persisted in wearing the more comfortable, if not so picturesque, dress of their mothers and grand-mothers, and Fashion soon fled away in disgust to a more genial atmosphere. I have heard, too, that she fainted at sight of Miss Perry's turban, and vowed she could never live in the same village with such a horror.

But now we must leave the riddle of Miss Perry's two-fold character unsolved, and hasten on to pay our respects to good Mrs. O'Brien, who is no riddle, but a nice, substantial old Irish woman, with a funny history, which I only wish I could transcribe with her rich brogue and quaint original expressions. She always goes back in her tale to the time when she was living in the 'ould counthry;' but as the most singular incident in her story occurred quite lately, I shall venture to omit the details of her Irish life, 'begging her Honor's pardon,' until about six months ago, 'when her heart was intirely broke' by the departure of her only son to seek his fortune in America. He sailed in a small merchant-vessel which was bound for G——, and shortly after he had sailed, 'being left a lone woman,' she engaged to go out with two men from her native place to cook for them during a short fishing-voyage. The second night of their cruise their little vessel was run down by one of the great English steamers, which had left Liverpool the day before for America. She sunk immediately, but the two men and Mrs. O'Brien were picked up by boats from the steamer and carried on board.

Imagine the poor old woman's distress the next morning, when she found herself out of sight of the coast of ould Ireland, without money or friends or clothes, steaming off across the water, she knew not whither. She went with her woes to the captain, begging him to carry her back to her home. This of course he could not do, but he told her that after they had reached America he would give her a return passage in the same ship to Liverpool, and from there she could easily return to her native place. The word 'America' struck her: 'And sure, Captain darlint, is it the Amirica where G—— is that you would be going to?' The captain laughed, and told her that there was a town named G—— not very far from Boston, where he was now going. 'And thin, sure, I

will niver go back wid ye, but I will go to G——; and thin, when my boy gets to the glorious land of Amirica, who will it be waiting to give him her blessing but his ould mother, whom he thought safe at home in the cabin taking care of the pigs and pratees!’ Some of the lady-passengers on board the steamer took a great fancy to the old woman, and they clothed her and made up a purse of money for her. She said that the whole voyage over was like a ‘dhrame brought by the good people.’

When they arrived at Boston, the captain sent her on her way to G——, where she lived quietly until her son’s arrival. Every day she went to the wharf waiting for his vessel, and one of the Cove people who was present at their meeting, told me that the son’s look of wonder and consternation, and the mother’s quiet, perfectly-at-home manner, made the scene inexpressibly droll. The son soon found work upon a neighboring rail-road, while the old woman lives at the Cove, and gets a support by washing and lending a helping hand to the neighbors in times of need. Her cottage is very small, but neat and tidy, like herself. It consists of but one room, with an attic for her son when he is at home. She likes nothing better than telling her story to new listeners, and always ends by wondering what has become of her little cabin and her pig and her potato-field in the old country, never forgetting to display the ‘iligan’ dresses which were given her by the ladies on board, and which she keeps in remembrance of her ‘stroke of good fortune.’

ONE sultry summer morning, feeling hot and weary, as I was returning from a long ramble over the rocks, I knocked at the door of a little cottage whose picturesque situation had often attracted my attention, and asked the good woman within for permission to rest myself on the bench beside the door. She gladly assented, and brought her work from the cottage ‘to keep me company,’ as she said, and we soon fell into pleasant talk. The cottage was perched on a high cliff overhanging the sea. A few weather-beaten, steadfast old cedars stood like sentinels along the edge of the cliff. Their green arms were all stretched longingly towards the land, giving one the idea of a perpetual sea-breeze, while the few jagged branches which grew on the seaward side of the trees were covered with a peculiar kind of orange-colored lichen.

It was a wild, dreary spot; and although in a bright summer morning it was pleasant enough to sit on the little bench and watch the distant horizon and the white sails mirroring themselves in the calm water, I could not but think that in a storm it must be a fearful place, when the raging waves were dashing against the foot of the cliff, and the wind was howling through the withered branches of the cedars. But it was quiet enough this morning. There had been a dead calm for a day or two, and the face of the sea was like glass. The water broke in ripples along the beach as the tide lazily rose and fell, the sails in sight were motionless, and all nature seemed asleep. The hush of a summer noon-day was over the whole scene. The low murmur of the beach below us and the contented twitter of a little bird in the cedars were the only sounds which broke the quiet of the hour. Presently a sea-gull slowly rose from his

nest in the rocks, and majestically passed over the calm water, ruffling the smooth surface with an occasional dip of his wings, and then soared far away out of sight. As I was gazing dreamily upon this picture of repose and stillness, good Mrs. Lucas pointed out to me a dark line just visible on the edge of the horizon. 'There comes a sea-breeze,' said she; 'and there is many a wife in the Cove who will rejoice at the sight of that dark streak, for it will bring home a little fleet of fishing-vessels which have out-stayed their time.' And on it came, waking every thing into life and motion. Far off, miles away, we saw the sails of distant ships, which before were hanging idly against their masts, swell and fill, and soon the vessels were moving swiftly on to their destined ports. On it came, nearer and nearer; the quiet face of the ocean broke into smiles at its magic touch, and white-crested waves danced gaily in the bright sun-light. Presently a dash was heard upon the beach, the sad whispering music of the cedars once more awoke, and in a moment we felt upon our faces the cool, refreshing breath of the east wind. The spell was broken which bound the sleeping beauty of nature. All now was life, sparkle, and brilliancy. Moved by the spirit of the scene, I rose to pursue my walk, when Mrs. Lucas, smiling and blushing, asked me if I would like to go into the cottage and see a new carpet which she was just putting down.

Now, a carpet is an unheard-of luxury at the Cove. The most well-to-do fishermen aspire no farther than a rag-mat, (which is an article of home manufacture, made of bits of colored woollen cloth, and usually representing a blue, yellow, and pink rose, stiffly arranged on a black ground, with a border of wonderful flowers, which might well puzzle the most skilful 'horticulturist;') but clean white sand is the usual covering for the floors. Imagine my surprise, then, when, on entering the cottage, I saw spread out before me a carpet of the gayest and most brilliant colors. Red, yellow, blue, and green met here in hideous contrast. I turned from it in dismay; but my good friend was so elated with the possession of a 'real carpet,' and so full of its history, that she hardly seemed to notice my faint commendation of 'How bright it is!' but proceeded to relate how she had acquired such a treasure. And, truly, it was a singular story. It seems that the desire for a carpet has always been simple Mrs. Lucas's weak point. Once in her youth she passed a few days with an aunt whose 'spare room' boasted this unwonted luxury, and ever since that time her heart has been set upon a like splendor. When her husband left her on his first voyage, he asked her what he should bring her home from foreign parts, and her ready answer was, 'A carpet!'

'And sure enough,' she said, 'when at last he did come back, he brought me a carpet; but it was such a queer one, with men and trees and flowers all worked over it, just like a picture! I was disappointed at first, but I found that the thing kept our feet warm, and the pictures pleased the children, and so I grew to like it e'en a'most as well as if it had been a real carpet.' And so this 'queer picture-like thing' remained undisturbed on Mrs. Lucas's cottage-floor for ten years, until a few days before my visit, when the village doctor, who, Mrs. Lucas said, had

'always taken a strange liking to the thing,' brought a gentleman from G—— to see it, and this 'kind gentleman' offered her in exchange for it any carpet that she would choose in the carpet-store at G——. Happy Mrs. Lucas! The end of her ambition was attained, and soon the many-colored horror I have described adorned her cottage-floor. But what had she given in exchange? 'Has the gentleman taken the old carpet away yet?' I asked. 'Oh no; it was rolled up, and put away in the shed until he called for it.' I asked if I could see it, and Mrs. Lucas led the way to the shed, looking at me as if she rather despised me for wishing to waste a moment on the old, when I might feast my eyes on the glories of the new carpet. And there she unrolled before my wondering eyes a large piece of tapestry, faithfully representing one of the most beautiful of Raphael's cartoons, the 'Feed my Lambs.' The figures were of the size of life, and although faded and worn from constant use in the sailor's humble cottage, the genius of the mighty master shone forth triumphantly even through this dimmed and desecrated representation.

The majestic and tender attitude of CHRIST seemed to me almost more beautiful and impressive here than in the finest engravings I had ever seen. The tapestry had been much too large for the cottage-floor, and a great part of it had been turned under, and the colors on this part were very fresh and bright. Especially brilliant was a rich border of fruits and flowers which surrounded the whole picture. The effect of meeting with this wonderful work of art in such a place was very strange, and I walked home to the farm, musing upon the chances which had brought it across the water to be buried in the little New-England fishing-village. I have since learned that its history has never been clearly traced, but it seems to have travelled from England to Malta long ago; and it may, perhaps, be one of the set of tapestries wrought for King Jamie, when that sage prince ordered the cartoons 'to be delivered to be worked after by Mr. Francis Cleen, at Mortlake, in Surrey!'

'To what strange uses do we come at last!' Designed originally by Raphael for the decoration of 'earth's single Vatican,' this fruit of years of toil and patience and skill combined at last rests on the floor of good Mrs. Lucas's cottage, and serves as a picture-book for her growing children! Yet even here I will not believe that the power of genius has lost its influence. Children are so easily impressed for good or evil, that I feel sure that the continual presence of that divine figure, that face breathing tenderness and goodness, must have had an elevating and ennobling effect upon their young minds which will be seen in their future lives.

What a tale these mute figures could unfold if we could only bestow the gift of language upon them! what wonderful stories of past times and of strange countries! But their wanderings are not yet ended, for I hear that the gentleman who is the fortunate possessor of the tapestry intends sending it to the Cathedral in Montreal, as being the most appropriate place in this country for its final resting-place, where, dear reader, if you should ever chance to see it, you will, perhaps, give a thought to Mrs. Lucas's cottage and the bright summer morning when we watched together the breeze come in over the sea.

A W I N T E R N I G H T ' S E P I S T L E .

ADDRESSED TO 'OLD KNICK.'

WILD is the night! for winter reigns;
The north-wind sounds its fiercest strains:
The shaking doors and window-panes
 Make furious din;
And through the chinks the powdering grains
 Come sifting in.

I'll mend the fire ere it decays,
Pile on the wood, and make it blaze:
This is one, surely, of the days
 Of which we've read,
Or rather nights, when the Fiend strays
 On errands dread!

There lies my dog, his brains a-baking,
And fierce gesticulations making;
In dreams the snow-hill fox he's shaking
 With mortal spite;
Or else he's giving or is taking
 'Fits' in a fight.

Strange voices out-of-doors I hear:
The shout of rage, the howl of fear;
Indeed, mad fiends from regions drear
 In furious haste
Have broken loose, on wild career
 To lay earth waste.

Some seem an awful organ thrumming;
Some on the roofs and walls are drumming;
And one, smoke-choked or singed in coming
 Down the hot flue,
Is off, and sets the chimney humming
 With angry *w-h-e-w!*

I'll whittle to a pen this quill,
And though the thing be fashioned ill,
Yet o'er this paper with such skill
 I'll haply scratch it,
That he who dates 'UP RIVER' will,
 He only, match it!

I've sometimes thought 't would be great pleasure
To have more learning, and more leisure,
And give my muse fair chance to measure
 Herself with others,
Who, though they deem such kin no treasure,
 Are yet my brothers.

But how should I obtain a living,
 And half my time to letters giving?
 Translating from strange tongues, and thieving
 What's not well known,
 And set admiring fools believing
 It's all my own?

I might as well just launch a shingle
 Upon the brook whose waters jingle
 Through my domain, on down the dingle,
 The Flood to greet,
 And dream the chip will reach and mingle
 With ocean's fleet.

That God whose lamp illumines the heaven,
 Who breaks to us the vital leaven,
 I *feel* and *know* to me has given
 Light from His *LIGHT*;
 But toils of *common life* have striven
 To quench it, quite.

'There's poetry in farming.' True,
 But I have read, and so have you,
 That '*distance* lends unto the view
 Enchantment fair.'
 For instance: digging gold will *do*
 Till one gets there.

In summer planting, weeding, hoeing,
 And practising '*Knick's knack*' at mowing,
 (That science which you boast of knowing
 So very well.)
 The scorching sun no mean type showing
 Of what's called hell.

In winter tugging with the flail,
 Or sledding in a cutting gale,
 Such as would send a gallant sail
 In bare-poles seaward,
 And blows your fore-nag's lusty tail
 Straight out to leeward.

In place of literary talk
 With compeers in your daily walk,
 It's 'Shall you top, or cut the stalk
 Of that 'ere crop?'
 Or, 'Sold yer cattle? — how 'll ye chalk
 To sell, or swop?'

Not half the *prose* may well be told
 Which farmers every day behold
 In summer hot and winter cold,
 Dull as 't is real;
 Yet we've incentives manifold
 To the ideal.

The pictures in the book of JUNE;
 The glorious dawn, the balmy noon;
 'The dewy eve, the rising moon;'
 All these are ours,
 And all the recompensing boon
 Of birds and flowers.

When Winter hurls his storms apace,
 Oft piteous is the farmer's case:
 Night comes — the blazing chimney-place
 Stills all complaints;
 Thaws out his features, till his face
 Shines like a saint's.

There, while his cheer reeks to the ceiling,
 He gets most comfortably feeling,
 Thinking how barn and battened shieling,
 Secure and warm,
 His poor dependents safe are shielding
 From the wild storm.

There he may read, and muse, and ponder
 Upon this life, this world of wonder;
 There, judge-like, he may set asunder
 The truth from error,
 And see in men of 'blood and thunder'
 No cause for terror.

There he may form just estimate
 Of those the world calls good and great;
 See *fortune, circumstance, and fate*
 Create renown,
 And give a knave a chair of state,
 An ass a crown.

An old divine* — he's been away
 In 'kingdom come' this many a day —
 Once said, 'Say what you have to say,
 And then have done.'
 The *sum* of that will I obey,
 And *carry one*.

Adieu, dear KNICK! Peace make your bed!
 You, too, were country-born and bred,
 And can appreciate all I've said,
 And dare to print it.
 Green be the laurel round your head,
 And glory tint it!

January 14, 1853.

'PEASANT BARD.'

* REV. DR. WITHERSPOON, of New-Jersey, one of 'the Signers.'

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE LA BOHEME.'*

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

THEY left MOTHER YOUNG's at nine o'clock, very comfortable both of them, and walking like men who had discussed many bottles.

Colline offered to stand coffee. Schaunard accepted, on condition that he should pay for the brandy to follow.† They went to a coffee-house in the *Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, which hung out the sign of *Momus*, god of sports and laughter.

Just as they entered, a very animated discussion had begun between two frequenters of the place. One of them was a young man, whose face was completely lost in a thicket of parti-colored beard. By way of antithesis to the abundant crop of hair on his chin, a premature baldness had stripped his forehead as bare as a man's knee: a sprinkle of hairs, so scattered that you might have counted them, vainly strove to conceal its nakedness. His black coat was seedy at the elbows, and when he lifted his arm too high, disclosed apertures at the arm-pits, no doubt for purposes of ventilation. His trowsers might once have been black, but his boots never could have been new: they looked as if they had gone several times round the world on the Wandering Jew's feet.

Schaunard observed that his new friend Colline and the young man with the big beard bowed to each other.

'Do you know that gentleman?' he asked the philosopher.

'I can't positively say I do,' replied the latter, 'but I meet him sometimes at the National Library. I believe he is a literary man.'

'He dresses like one, at any rate,' said Schaunard.

The other party to the discussion was an individual of forty, or thereabout, evidently destined to die of an apoplectic stroke, for his big head rose straight out from between his two shoulders, without any interval of neck to let it down. You might read stupidity on every line of his retreating forehead up to the little black cap that crowned it. His name was Lamb, and he was a clerk to the Mayor of the Fourth Ward,‡ in whose office he kept the registry of deaths.

'Mr. Rodolphe!' cried he at the top of his cracked voice, while he shook the young man by a button of a coat, 'do you want to know what I think? Well, then, all these newspapers are good for nothing. Suppose now! I am a father of a family—ain't I? Good! I come to the coffee-house for my game of dominoes. Follow my argument.'

* RENEWED from the twenty-third page of the January Number.

† SCHAUNARD's three francs ought to have been about exhausted by this time, even according to the very moderate tariff of MOTHER YOUNG's. The reader will notice several little discrepancies of this sort; as, for instance, where, at the outset of this chapter, a bedstead is said to be the sole furniture of the artist's room, and immediately after several articles are enumerated.

‡ THERE is a mayor for every ward in Paris, which may account for the number of mares' nests discovered in that well-governed city.

‘Push along!’ said Rodolphe.

‘Well,’ continued Lamb, emphasizing every sentence with a bang of his fist that made all the glasses on the table shudder, ‘well, I take up the newspapers—good! What then? Why, one says black, and the other says white; tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee! What do I care for that? I am a family-man, and come—and come——’

‘For your game of dominoes,’ suggested Rodolphe.

‘Every night,’ continued Lamb. ‘Well, suppose now—you understand?’

‘First-rate,’ replied the other.

‘I read an article against my side. That makes me angry, and my blood boils; because, you see, Mr. Rodolphe, all these papers are a pack of lies—yes, lies!’ shouted he in his shrillest note, ‘and the editors are scribblers and robbers.’

‘Really, now, Mr. Lamb!’

‘Yes, robbers!’ pursued the clerk. ‘They have caused all the harm that ever happened. They made the revolution and the national bankruptcy. Witness Murat.’

‘Excuse me,’ said Rodolphe, ‘*Murat* you mean.’

‘No, no!’ replied Lamb, ‘*Murat*; I saw him buried when I was a boy.’

‘I assure you——’

‘And they made a piece at the Circus about him—there now!’

‘Very well, then,’ said Rodolphe, ‘*Murat* be it.’

‘That’s what I’ve been telling you this hour!’ cried Lamb. ‘*Murat*: he used to work in a cellar—think I do n’t know! Come, suppose now! Were n’t the Bourbons right to guillotine him for being a traitor?’

‘Guillotine! when? Traitor! how?’ cried Rodolphe, catching, in his turn, the other by the coat-button.

‘Why, *Marat*.’

‘No, no, Mr. Lamb! *Murat* you said just now. Let’s understand each other, for heaven’s sake.’

‘Certainly; *Marat* I said. A blackguard he was, too! He betrayed the Emperor in 1815. That’s why I say all the papers are alike,’ continued Lamb, coming back to the thread of what he called his explanation. ‘Do you know what I should like, Mr. Rodolphe? Come, suppose now! I should like a good newspaper, not too big, and not making sentences about every thing——’

‘You are hard to suit,’ said Rodolphe; ‘a newspaper without sentences!’

‘Yes; follow my argument.’

‘I’m trying to.’

‘A newspaper which should merely tell us the King’s health and the state of the crops.* What, after all, what’s the use of all these leaders, that one can’t make head or tail of? Come, suppose now! I’m at the mayor’s office—ain’t I? I keep my register—good! Well, it’s as if a person should come to me and say, ‘Mr. Lamb, you register the deaths?’

* If Mr. LAMB has not succumbed to his apoplexy yet, the state of the Parisian press under the present government must be exactly to his taste.

Very well, now write this, and that, and the other.' And the newspapers are just the same thing,' quoth he in conclusion.

'Clearly,' said a by-stander who understood him.

And Mr. Lamb, after receiving the congratulations of some frequenters of the place who shared his opinion, went back to his game of dominoes.

'I've put him in his place,' said he, pointing to Rodolphe.

'What a jackass!' said the latter, who had turned round and seated himself at the same table with Schaunard and Colline.

'A nice head he has, with his cab-hood eye-lids and his billiard-ball eyes,' observed Schaunard, pulling out a well-smoked *throat-scorcher*.

'A very pretty pipe, that of yours, Sir,' said Rodolphe.

'Oh! I have a prettier one to go into society with,' answered Schaunard carelessly. 'Hand us over some tobacco, Colline.'

'By Jove!' exclaimed the philosopher, 'I have n't any left.'

'Allow me to offer you some,' said Rodolphe, taking a paper of tobacco from his pocket, and placing it on the table.

To this act of politeness Colline felt himself bound to respond, by the offer of something to drink. Rodolphe accepted. The conversation took a literary turn. Rodolphe, interrogated on his profession, (which his dress had already revealed,) confessed his connection with the Muses, and called for another horn. As the waiter was going to take away the bottle, Schaunard begged him to be good enough to leave it. He had heard resounding in one of Colline's pockets the silvery notes of two five-franc pieces. Rodolphe soon got up to the pitch of his two friends, and in his turn disclosed to them his secrets.

Doubtless they would have remained there all night, if the waiters had not begged them to go away. Before they had advanced ten steps, (which it took them nearly a quarter of an hour to do,) they were surprised by a tremendous shower. Colline and Rodolphe lived at opposite ends of Paris; one in the Isle St. Louis, the other at Montmartre. Schaunard, who had completely forgotten that he had no home, asked them to come home with him.

'I live close by,' said he. 'We will pass the night in talking art and literature.'

'You shall play,' said Colline, 'and Rodolphe will recite his poems.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Schaunard, 'let's be gay; we have only one life to live.'

When they had arrived at the house, (which it took Schaunard some time to recognize,) he sat down a moment on the curb-stone, waiting for Rodolphe and Colline, who had gone into a wine-merchant's luckily still open, to procure the rudiments of a supper. As they were coming out, he knocked several times at the gate, having a vague recollection that the porter was apt to keep him waiting. At length the gate opened, and old Durand, plunged in the luxury of his first sleep, and not remembering that Schaunard was no longer a lodger there, did not move when he heard the latter's name through his little window.

Just as they had all three arrived at the top of the stairs—a very long and laborious ascent—Schaunard, who went first, uttered a cry of astonishment on finding a key in the door of his room.

'What's the matter?' asked Rodolphe.

'I don't understand,' muttered he. 'I find the key which I took away this morning still in my door. We shall see; I put it in this pocket. By Jove, it's there yet!' exclaimed he, producing the key. 'It's magic!'

'Phantasmagoria!' said Colline.

'Illusion!' added Rodolphe.

'But,' continued Schaunard, with a perceptible tremor in his voice, 'do you hear that?'

'What?'

'What?'

'My piano—playing of itself: *ut, la, mi, re, do, la, si, sol, re*—scamp of a *re*! it will always be false.'

'This can't be your room,' said Rodolphe, adding in the ear of Colline, on whom he was leaning heavily, 'He is tipsy.'

'I believe you. In the first place, it's not a piano; it's a flute.'

'You're tipsy too, my dear fellow,' said the poet to the philosopher, who had sat down on the landing; 'it's a fiddle.'

'A fid-diddle! phew! I say, Schaunard,' sputtered Colline, pulling his friend by the legs, 'I like that! Our friend pretends it's a fid-did—'

'Heavens and earth!' cried Schaunard, in the utmost terror, 'my piano keeps playing! It's magic!'

'Phantas-mag-goria!' ejaculated Colline, letting fall one of two bottles which he carried in his hand.

'Illusion!' screamed Rodolphe.

In the midst of this row the door suddenly opened, and a person appeared on the threshold, holding a three-branched candle-stick, with one red wax-candle in it.

'What is your pleasure, gentlemen?' inquired he, bowing politely to the three friends.

'Heavens! what have I done? I am wrong; this is not where I live,' said Schaunard.

'Pray, Sir, excuse our friend,' added Colline and Rodolphe together; 'he is in the third heaven of tipplers.'

Suddenly a ray of intelligence flashed across the drunken confusion of Schaunard; he had just discovered on the door the remains of a line written in chalk:

'I have come three times for my New-Year's.' PHEMY.

'Yes, yes, I am at home!' he cried. 'Look at the visiting-card that Phemy left on me last New-Year. This is my door, and no mistake.'

'Good heavens!' said Rodolphe, 'I am really confounded.'

'I assure you, Sir,' added Colline, 'I am helping my friend to be confounded as hard as I can.'

The young man could not help laughing. 'If you will step in a minute,' he replied, 'no doubt your friend will acknowledge his error as soon as he has seen the premises.'

'Willingly.' And the poet and philosopher, each taking Schaunard by one arm, conducted him into the room, or rather palace of Marcel; for such the reader has doubtless recognized him to be.

Schaunard rolled his eyes vaguely around, muttering, 'It is surprising how my lodging is beautified.'

'Well, are you convinced now?' demanded Colline. But Schaunard, having found the piano, walked up to it and touched the keys.

'Listen to this, all of you!' he exclaimed, rattling over the notes. 'Very good; the animal knows its master. *Si, la, sol, fa, mi, re*—scamp of a *re*! always false. I told you it was my instrument.'

'He insists!' said Colline to Rodolphe.

'He insists!' repeated Rodolphe to Marcel.

'And that!' continued Schaunard, pointing to the spangled petticoat, 'that's not my decoration, I suppose?' And he looked Marcel fiercely in the face. 'And this,' he went on, detaching from the wall the sheriff's notice already mentioned, and beginning to read: '*Consequently, Mr. Schaunard is bound to evacuate the premises, and restore them in good and tenable repair, on the eighth day of April in the year aforesaid, before noon. Witness the present instrument, of which the expenses are five francs.*' 'Ah, am not I Schaunard, to whom they have given sheriff's notice; the honors of the stamp; expenses five francs? And there,' he continued, recognizing his slippers on Marcel's feet, 'are those not my slippers—the gift of a beloved hand? It is your turn, Sir, to explain your presence among my penates.'

'Gentlemen,' said Marcel, addressing himself to the other two, 'your friend is at home, I confess.'

'Ah!' cried Schaunard, 'that's lucky.'

'But,' continued Marcel, 'I am at home too.'

'Nevertheless, Sir,' said Rodolphe, 'if our friend recognizes——'

'Yes,' repeated Colline, 'if our friend rec——'

'And if you on your part recollect how it is——'

'Yes, how it is,' echoed Colline.

'Pray, sit down, gentlemen,' said Marcel, 'and I will explain the mystery to you.'

'Suppose we moisten the explanation,' suggested Colline.

'By taking a bite,' added Rodolphe.

The four young men sat down, and attacked a piece of cold veal. Marcel then explained what had passed between him and the landlord that morning, when he came to move in.

'Then,' said Rodolphe, 'the gentleman is perfectly right; he is at home here.'

'You are all at home,' said Marcel politely.

But it was very hard work to make Schaunard understand what had happened. A ludicrous incident helped to complicate the situation. Schaunard, in going to look for something in a draw, found there the change of Marcel's five-hundred-franc bill.

'I was sure,' he exclaimed, 'that my friend Luck would not forsake me. I recollect, now, I went out to look for him this morning. We must have crossed each other on the way. How lucky I left my draw open!'

'Sweet illusion!' sighed Rodolphe, as he saw Schaunard arranging the specie in equal piles.

'Dream—false dream: such is our life!' added the philosopher.

Marcel laughed.

An hour after they were all four fast asleep.

At noon they awoke, and seemed astonished at finding themselves together. Schaunard, Colline, and Rodolphe appeared not to know one another, and said 'Sir' to one another. Marcel was obliged to remind them that they had come there together the night before. Just then old Durand entered.

'Sir,' said he to Marcel, 'to-day is the ninth of April; there is mud in the street, and His Majesty Louis Philippe continues to be King of France and Navarre. Hullo!' cried the porter, beholding his former lodger, 'Mr. Schaunard, how did you come here?'

'By telegraph,' replied Schaunard.

'Well, you *are* a joker,' said the porter.

'Durand,' interposed Marcel, 'I do not choose the servants to take part in our conversation; so to the eating-house, and order breakfast for four. Here is the bill of fare,' handing him a slip of paper.' 'Run along! Gentlemen,' continued Marcel to the three young men, 'you offered me supper last night; allow me to offer you breakfast this morning; not at *my* rooms, but at *ours*,' he added, giving his hand to Schaunard.

After breakfast Rodolphe claimed the floor.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'allow me to leave you.'

'No,' said the sentimental Schaunard, 'let us never leave each other.'

'Indeed, we are very comfortable here,' put in Colline.

'To leave you a moment,' Rodolphe proceeded. 'To-morrow the *Scarf of Iris* appears, a journal of fashion, of which I am head writer. I must go to correct my proofs. In an hour I will be back.'

'Ah,' said Colline, 'that reminds me that I have to give a lesson to an Indian prince, who has come to Paris to learn Arabic.'

'Go to-morrow,' said Marcel.

'To-day is pay-day,' replied the philosopher. 'And moreover, I confess, this fine day will be lost to me if I do not take a turn in the book-market.'

'But you will return after you turn?' asked Schaunard.

'Swift as an arrow launched by hand unerring,' replied the philosopher, who loved eccentric similes.

And he walked off with Rodolphe.

'Suppose,' said Schaunard, 'instead of pampering myself on the pillow of idleness, I were to look about for some money to appease the rapacity of Mr. Bernard?'

'You still intend to quit, then?' said Marcel anxiously.

'By Jove, I must! after the notice to quit, expenses five francs.'

'Then, if you move, you carry away your furniture?'

'I rather think so. I shan't leave a hair, as Bernard says.'

'That will be inconvenient for me, who hired your room furnished.'

'That's a fact,' said Schaunard; adding, in a melancholy tone, 'but I have no good reason for supposing I shall find the seventy-five francs to-day, or to-morrow, or the day after.'

'Stop! I've an idea,' said Marcel.

'Bring it out.'

'This is our situation: legally the lodging is mine, for I have paid a month in advance.'

'The lodging, yes; but the furniture — when I pay, I take that away legally; I would illegally if I could.'

'So, then, you have furniture and no lodging, and I a lodging and no furniture.'

'Exactly.'

'Now, I like this lodging.'

'And I never liked it better than I do now.'

'Well, we can arrange the business. Stay with me. I provide the room, and you the furniture.'

'And the rent?'

'Since I have money now, I will pay the first; after that it will be your turn. Consider.'

'I never consider — especially about accepting a proposition which pleases me. I accept gladly. Painting and Music are sisters.'

'Sisters-in-law, at least.'

At this moment Colline and Rodolphe entered, having met on the road. Marcel and Schaunard informed them of their partnership.

'Gentlemen,' said Rodolphe, shaking his pockets, 'I stand dinner for the company.'

'Just what I was going to have the honor to propose,' said Colline, pulling out of his pocket a piece of gold, which he put into his eye. 'My prince gave me that to buy a grammar, which cost me six sous, ready money.'

'And I,' said Rodolphe, 'made the treasurer of the *'Scarf of Iris'* advance me thirty francs, on the plea that I had to be vaccinated. So I maintain my offer.'

'So do I.'

'Well, then, we must toss up for who shall pay.'

'No,' cried Schaunard, 'I know something better; a much better means of solving the difficulty.'

'What is it?'

'Rodolphe shall pay for the dinner; and Colline give us a supper.'

'That's what I call a judgment of Solomon!' said the philosopher.

The dinner took place at a provincial eating-house in the *Rue Dauphine*, famous for its literary waiters. Having to keep a corner for supper, they ate and drank moderately. The acquaintance which had been founded the night before became more intimate; each of the young men hung out the standard of his party in art; all four were conscious of equal courage and similar hopes. At the end of the meal, which terminated with a sort of gravity, Rodolphe rose to propose a toast to the future; and Colline replied, in a discourse taken from none of his old authors, and containing no flowers of rhetoric, but simply speaking the plain language of that frankness which makes you understand so well what it expresses so badly.

After dinner they went to take coffee at the *Momus*, where they had already passed the evening preceding. From that day the establishment became inhabitable for its former frequenters.

After coffee and liquor the society, now definitely founded, returned to Marcel's lodging, which took the name of the *Schaunard Elysée*, or Palace. While Colline was ordering the promised supper, the others

procured crackers, rockets, and various other fire-works, and before sitting down to table, they let off from the windows a superb pyrotechnic exhibition, which turned the whole house upside down; during which the four friends sang at the top of their voices:

'All hail! all hail!!! all hail the happy day!!!'

Next morning they found themselves together again; this time without appearing astonished. Before going about their respective affairs, they breakfasted frugally at the *Momus*, and then parted, to assemble there again in the evening — which they did every day for a long time.

THE SCYTHIAN TO HIS GOBLET.

BY MRS. M. F. HEWITT.

THE Scythians, according to HERODOTUS, used the skull of an enemy slain in battle for a drinking-cup. It was first lined with gold, and wrapped about with bull's hide, which was also gilded. The goblet, so prepared, was used by them in ordinary, and at their banquets.

I.

Come press my burning lips, my foe —
 Ha! how thy kisses through me dart!
 Brave cup! I feel thy red life glow,
 And leap to flame within my heart.
 Kiss me again! The hand was strong,
 And armed with might, that wrought me ill;
 y Vengeance watched above my Wrong,
 That might is crushed, the hand is chill.
 Hurrah!

II.

Give me the roses. I would whelm
 In fragrant buds his shrivelled brow:
 How lighter than the brazen helm
 My garland binds his temples now!
 Through Persian steel, with wound for wound,
 At last I reached him on the plain;
 That night the hungry prowlers found
 A headless trunk among the slain.
 Hurrah!

III.

Fill me the wine. I drink to her
 Who sleeps beneath dark Helle's wave:
 Why broke my faithless scimeter
 When she became the Persian's slave?
 Revenge! revenge! Ah me! no more
 My spear his quivering heart shall know;
 But on the far and soundless shore
 My arm again shall reach my foe!
 Hurrah!

TO THE NAPOLEON OF THE INVALIDES, 1848.

Like the peal of distant thunder
Booming through the sullen night;
Like the earthquake's rumbling shudder,
Paling cities with affright,
Swells the roar of revolution
Far o'er palaced hills and plains,
From the heart of trampled millions
Blindly bursting from their chains.

O for one of lordly presence,
One of genius all sublime,
On whose brow in light were written,
WORTHY OF THE TASK AND TIME!
Gloriously to solve the problem,
With the sword of CHARLEMAGNE,
'What shall be the fate of Europe,
Cossack or Republican?'

Hark! methinks the stifled murmur
Of avenging wrath and shame,
Growing to articulate utterance,
Syllables at last a name;
One whilom that thrilled the tyrants
With a more than mortal dread;
One Valhalla's proudest welcomed,
Mightiest of the regal dead!

Victor in a hundred battles,
In as many hostile lands,
'Twixt the Moskwa's frozen horrors
And Syene's burning sands;
From thy bannered mausoleum,
Towering o'er the mournful Seine,
Wakened by the shout of nations,
Burst upon the scene again!

Not in pomp of royal purple,
Sceptre, crown, and oriflamme,
Such as erst thy triumph blazoned
In resplendent Notre-Dame;
But as when France first received thee,
Lord of humbled Austria,
Nobler in thy plain gray saga,
And thy simple chapeau-bras.

When around thy surf-beat dungeon
Wildly raved the midnight blast,
TÊTE D'ARMÉE* sublimed the tumult
As thy stormier spirit passed!
How sublimer were the echo
Of thy dying words to-day,
Could the voice of mustering millions
Hail thee Freedom's Tête d'armée!

* The last words of NAPOLEON.

Wake, O wake, then, sworded sleeper,
 From thy bivouac of death!
 Thou whose nostril's living ether
 Was the cannon's fiery breath:
 Lo! against the hosts of tyrants
 Freedom's host its phalanx knits;
 Wake, and o'er the people's battle
 Bring the sun of Austerlitz!

Never yet in all their perils,
 All their agonies, till now,
 Have they needed such a MENTOR,
 Such a present MARS as thou,
 'Gainst their banded foes to lead them,
 With thy old prophetic trust,
 Till the last of throned oppressors,
 Crushed and crownless, bite the dust.

Then, resumed thy martial ceremonies,
 Sleep the dreamless sleep again,
 In thy bannered mausoleum,
 Towering o'er the joyous Seine;
 Hailed with grateful REQUIESCAT,
 Breathed from every peopled clime,
 'THIS TIME FAITHFUL TO HIS MISSION,
 WORTHY OF HIS TASK SUBLIME!'

W. P. P.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY HON. WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

THE noble steam-ship HERMANN lay in the Southampton docks in May, 1848, undergoing some slight repairs. It was her first introduction to English waters, and many a subject of Queen Victoria passed through the elegant cabin, and admired the finish and arrangements of the state-rooms, and expressed a desire to make a part of the large number of passengers who were daily gathering in preparatory to their return *home*. I was summoned down from London by the American Consul, and yet on my arrival found that some days must pass before the vessel would be in a proper condition to leave. Away down in her vast hold the sons of Vulcan were wielding their hammers, and every blow they struck rendered more secure our homeward voyage. More than a hundred passengers were gathered, and it was evident that we must find amusement and employment for a few days. That true-hearted and gallant old sailor, Captain Crabtree, was every where present, with a pleasant smile and words of cheer for all. We looked around to see what objects of interest were in the neighborhood. We explored the old town of Southampton; tried to call up visions of its condition and appearance in early days, in ages long gone by, when Canute sat on the shore and bade the sea retire, but rebel-like it paid no regard to the commands of majesty.

A mile or two below, and looking out on the waters, were the fine ruins of Netley Abbey, and thither one pleasant day I found my steps turning in company with a fellow-passenger. I had never met him before, but he was the friend of my friend. For many years he had been a sojourner and traveller in the far East. He had wandered around the base of Mount Ararat, and had penetrated the fastnesses in the wild mountains of Koordistan. He had been present at the disintombing of ancient Nineveh; and he had closed the eyes of the lamented missionary, Dr. Grant, and had buried him near the banks of the Tigris, and under the walls of the old city of Mosul. We sat down in the shade of these ruins, near the spot where the monks of old had sat on their stone-seats and communed on things present and to come. Large trees had grown up, and now threw their branches over the place once the abode of men, and which form now the only covering of the 'long-drawn aisle.' The vaulted and fretted roof is gone. The pealing anthem is no longer heard, and for centuries the hoary hand of Time has been turning into dust and ashes this once proud home of men who professed the religion of CHRIST. The rooks were cawing above us, and chattering as if their own exclusive domain was intruded upon. We gathered some simple wild flowers, and my new friend pressed them, and on our voyage gave them to me as a memento of our visit to the ruins of that old Abbey. I have them now, and they are a memorial of the giver also, and the only one; and he, too, now sleeps far away from home and kindred, in an unrecorded grave in Central Asia.

But as we sat beneath those ruins, our conversation was of that wonderful land where he had dwelt; of those sacred places which were the cradle of our race, where Abraham lived, where the ark rested, and where the Son of God died for man. The curious developments making at that time by Mr. Layard formed another fruitful subject: how the truth of Scripture was sustained; how upon the long-buried tablets there arose to view the names of Babylonish rulers, and, in some instances, of those whose very existence was only known by their mention in the Old Testament. From beneath those Abbey ruins we looked across to the Isle of Wight, and then thoughts of Richmond and of the 'Dairyman's Daughter' seemed to link the place where we were with those lands, and scenes, and events, which form the subject of the sacred narrative. The same principles of our holy religion governed the monarch of Israel and the Dairyman's daughter. Thus we mused, and called up the names and memories of the great and good, and dropped a tear at the remembrance of him who was our common friend, and whose face we were to see no more upon the earth.

Returning after a day thus spent, and with the feelings which had been kindled by this visit to Netley Abbey, I commended it to the attention of a young-lady passenger, then on her return to Baltimore from a winter's sojourn in Rome. She had talent, and her mind was well stored and cultivated by study and observation. But the proposition did not seem to be favorably received. She replied, that after seeing the ruins of Italy she had no curiosity to see ruins of so recent an origin as those of Netley Abbey. I said my friend who was with me was deeply interested, and, 'Allow me to introduce him, for he has just come from ancient Nine-

veh, and has been examining the ruins of a city which was lost to the world before the foundations of the city of Rome were laid.' 'I give up,' was her ready reply. She, too, has since been gathered to her final resting-place, leaving a mourning husband, then a lover, and who was also one of our fellow-passengers.

Another visit a day or two after was to the old city of Winchester. I say *old*, because no one can now tell when its foundations were laid, but legendary lore carries back the period to near a thousand years before the Christian era, and before Romulus began to build the 'walls of lofty Rome.' Here in Winchester in early times the kings of ancient Britain ruled. The Saxon monarchs here dwelt, and the wassail-bowl went round. Here is the birth and burial-place of St. Swithin. The ashes of the great Alfred have rested here for near a thousand years since his death. The Norman conqueror here held his court. From here went out the order for the 'curfew bell.' Here was made up '*The Roll of Winchester*,' called by the people, from their aversion to the measure, the '*Doomsday Book*.' Here were framed and enacted many of the ancient statutes which have been lost in the flood of time only to reappear in the principles of the '*English Common Law*.' No one can wander round and look at the old cathedral, and at the tombs of so many whose names are familiar in English history, at the monuments and relics of other times, without emotion. Shorn of her power, deprived of her regal dignity, with a population now reaching only about ten thousand, this once royal city is chiefly interesting in her associations with the past. To me the object of greatest interest was the Hospital of St. Cross. This charity was founded more than seven hundred years ago; and it is said that there is no other institution in England which in that long lapse of time has so little changed from its original constitution and appearance. It is situated outside the present city, a distance of half or three-quarters of a mile.

Strolling along by the side of the hawthorn hedges, and listening to the notes of the cuckoo, and musing over the scenes of the past, I found myself about the middle of the afternoon entering under the old arch and standing in the presence of the jolly porter of the Hospital of St. Cross. I knew that he was allowed a certain number of loaves of bread and gallons of beer for the refreshment of poor travellers and wayfaring men. My companion, a good old-fashioned merchant of our good city of New-York, full of good feelings and kindly sympathies, but who, I fancy, is more attracted by the present than the past, was a little surprised as he saw me remove my hat and address this guardian of the entrance to the Hospital: 'Two travellers,' said I, 'weary and worn from a far-off land, passing by the Hospital of St. Cross, have called to ask for charity. Give them a bit of bread and a horn of beer, for conscience' sake.' The porter listened attentively, then opened the side-door and bade us walk in. He was evidently unused to such set and formal applications for charity, and a smile played around the corners of his mouth as he placed two wooden stools for us to sit down upon, and then cut and handed us a piece of bread, and placed in each of our hands a horn cup filled with foaming beer. It was acceptable after our walk; and we ate the bread and drank the beer, and gave thanks, remembering kindly old

Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother of King Stephen, and who, in 1136, founded the Hospital of St. Cross. Like many other charities, its purposes have, by the rapacity of the Masters, been perverted. While we were there, the carriage of the present Master, no less a personage than Lord Guilford, drove up. The four fine gray horses, and the liveried servants, indicated that the present Master of this Hospital was not such a one as was intended by the old Bishop of Winchester. But though a large portion of the income is diverted and turned, it is said, into the pockets of the lordly Master, the place is one of great interest. The old pensioners are there; the ancient hall, with its raised place for fire in the centre, with an opening under the edge of the roof for the smoke to pass out; the chapel, the dormitories, all tell of past ages. But enough of this. We returned to Southampton delighted with our excursion, and the next day were out on the broad Atlantic, with the prow of our noble steamer turned toward the setting sun.

R I G I - C U L M .

SUNSET's glow lit up the mountains, purpling o'er their crests of snow,
Faintly heard, their torrent-fountains murmured in the gorge below;
With a solemn rustling round us waved the foliage of the pine:
Nature's glorious beauty bound us with a spell almost divine.

From Arth's vale, with feet unweary, we had trod the length'ning way
Where the Rossberg's ruins dreary still their tale of sorrow say:
From the cliff-tops high and hoary, wide unfolds the page of woe —
Lowertz, Rothen, Goldau's story! desolation's sternest show.

Past each station-chapel * wending, soon we marked the fading glow
Gild the shrine where pilgrims, bending, praise 'Our Lady of the Snow'; †
All things wore such peaceful seeming, every care its influence stole,
Like the bliss we know in dreaming we have reached some long-sought goal.

Deeper fell the twilight-shadow, still the distant peaks were bright,
While, far down, each verdant meadow slept beneath the wing of night;
Ranz des Vaches came wildly trilling through the stilly upper air,
Every breath with music filling, echoed softly here and there!

From the Culm, when vestal Morning oped her gray and timid eye,
Till the full and fair adorning of broad earth and boundless sky,
Mute we gazed! vales still benighted, rose-tinged peaks, lakes, ice-fields wide,
Grandeur and soft beauty, plighted, sate embracing side by side!

Northward gleams Egeri's water, which Morgarten's dreadful fray
Reddened with victorious slaughter, when the Austrian lost the day:
Zurich's lake and turrets peeping through the clefts of Albis shine;
Watch along the horizon keeping, the Black Forest leads its line.

* A series of thirteen small chapels.

† La Chapelle de 'Notre Dame des Neiges.'

Sempach's lake and Reuss' swift river, with thy mirror, bright Lucerne,
 Küssnacht, home of TELL's own quiver, meet the eyes that westward turn;
 Jura's outline, long and swelling, old Pilatus' lofty head,
 By its cloudy bonnet telling skies serene and tempests fled! *

Southward, in their virgin whiteness, rise the noble Alps of Berne;
 Unterwalden's glacier-brightness; Uri, desolate and stern:
 Mythen summits, proudly peering, look o'er Schwytz, thrice-hallowed spot —
 Freedom's altar first uprearing, Freedom's watchword, ne'er forgot!

Silence, with her brooding pinion, hovered o'er the witching scene,
 'Neath her magical dominion holding mountain, lake, ravine;
 Upward clouds of mist were stealing with a graceful, sea-like flow,
 Hiding now, and now revealing, all the picture traced below!

Wondrous picture, choicest limning, sweetest tones and sounds of fear;
 Hunter's hallo, peasant's hymning, rifting ice that crasheth near;
 Lawine's † deep and awful thunder, heralded by clouds of snow;
 Smooth green turf that smileth under shimmering mist-fall's noiseless flow.

Strange commingling! frost and flowers, glacier-chasms, valleys fair;
 Staubbach's waving veil of showers, Lemnan's waves of beauty rare,
 Blending with the Rhone's 'blue rushing;' sombre Aar's impetuous tide;
 Chamouni at morning, blushing 'neath her 'Monarch's' glance of pride!

Thus I mused while downward going toward the lone and shaded dell;
 Soft the June day's breath was blowing round thy chapel, WILLIAM TELL!
 Truly GESSLER's tragic story ill befitted spot so fair:
 Though no more the turf is gory, seems a stain still resting there.

From thy lovely festal places, Nature! keep the vengeful hand,
 Wasting Battle's dreadful traces, Slaughter's mercenary band;
 Let no precious pulses falter in the death-throes of mad strife,
 Where calm Peace hath kept her altar from thy morning hour of life!

From the beach at Küssnacht darting, sped our boat along the tide,
 Clear the rowers' song of parting echoed from the steep lake-side;
 Fitfully the light breeze creeping, scarcely stirred the sleeping bay;
 O'er its crystal bosom sweeping, joyously we held our way!

Lucerne's towers, so proud and sightly, glittered at the farther shore,
 As we neared the isle that brightly smiles the circling waters o'er;
 Merry fête-day bells were ringing, and the city's heart was gay:
 From our shallop lightly springing, strolled we through the bright array.

Sprightly youth and laughing maiden frolicked through the mazy dance,
 With fresh flowers her dark locks laden, mischief in his sidelong glance!
 Land of Nature's noblest painting, land of innocent delight,
 Like thy snows, that know no tainting, calm, majestic, beauteous, bright!

Boston, December, 1852.

WILLIAM WALLACE MORLAND.

'WENN Pilatus trägt sein Hut,
 Dann wird das Wetter gut.'

† Lawinen: avalanches. 'Staub-lawinen,' or *dust avalanches*, consisting of loose snow.
 The 'grund-lawinen:' hard, compacted snow and ice.

CURIOSITIES OF CHARACTER.

NUMBER ONE.

PORTRAIT OF A PAINTER.

Two facts encourage us to attempt the following work of art. In the first place, Jack Morris is not a fighting man. In the second place, he never by any chance reads a paper. We doubt very much whether he knows who is President of the United States. We are quite certain that he does not know whether General Cass be a Whig or a Democrat. If you were to talk to him of Horace Greeley as a ferocious filibuster, or of Mr. James Gordon Bennett as a Mormon pontiff, he would not be in the least surprised. They are not people of *his* world. He can't read. It is out of his line altogether, unless for professional purposes. He is simply a painter, and in his mind the world is divided into four classes: people who can and people who can't paint; people who buy and people who don't buy pictures. This premised, we advance upon our subject, catch him at a nice three-quarter view, and go to work to depict him, perfectly guaranteed, by the above peculiarities of his nature, against any fear of his challenging the likeness, or its author.

Far otherwise would it be, were our sketch to be illustrated by the most careless croquis, the rudest and most primeval wood-cut!

But it is *not*: so we go ahead undauntedly.

Jack Morris was the son of his father, and his mother was a lady of some fashion. To our certain knowledge, she had a stuffed crimson ibis in her drawing-room, and gave a party once, at which a gentleman who would have been President, if he had been fortunate enough to get elected, was present. We met him there ourselves, along with the rich bank-director who 'bust up' last week, and is now supposed to be in California. So that question may be considered settled.

When Jack was at school, the chemical constituents of his system refused to absorb Latin, and declined to annex Greek on any terms whatever. His algebra was all minus; he correctly calculated that arithmetic would never figure among his accomplishments; and as for ancient history, *his* story never in any respect resembled that of any other historian when he was examined. Whence may be inferred, that either Livy, Tacitus, and other gentlemen of their profession, or else Jack Morris and his facts, were very slightly to be depended on by compilers of encyclopædias.

His education being finished—that is to say, neither Jack himself nor any thing else having been accomplished by the process—home he came, and did nothing with a steady perseverance that strongly impressed his mother's mind with the idea that he was a genius.

Now, nothing is more embarrassing than knowing a young fellow to be a genius, and not having the remotest idea of what he is a genius in. Mrs. Vanderbockser Morris was in this precise fix. Jack loafed calmly.

He was almost nineteen years of age, and began to stare at the young ladies very critically. He concentrated his intellect apparently on one vast idea—the hope of raising a moustache. This laudable ambition PROVIDENCE seemed disposed to frustrate. Nevertheless, Jack hoped and trusted, and made large investments in the grease of bears, which had once worn coats of a more woolly texture than he, in his imperfect knowledge of natural history, suspected.

One day Mrs. Vanderbockser Morris—who was a descendant of the old Dutch family of Vanderbockers, formerly high and mighty grandees, and awful smokers of pipes—we repeat, Mrs. Vanderbockser Morris caught Jack deliberately making a pen-and-ink sketch, or, more correctly speaking, diagram, (for it was a very thick and severe outline of the crimson ibis above mentioned,) in the splendid album which a distinguished exile, now E-p-r-r of Fr-nce, presented formerly to Mrs. Vanderbockser Morris, on the very day on which he borrowed two hundred dollars (the autograph vouching for the same is still extant, in the form of a dishonored bill) of Mr. Vanderbockser Morris, her tight-fisted but prince-accessible husband.

Mr. Van Morris, as his friends in Wall-street, who had not time for long and ancient Dutch names, simply called him, was the son of *the* Morris so remarkably ill used about the great English Savings-Bank affair. Indignant at the suspicions cast upon his integrity, he disdained to refute a host of groundless calumnies, and emigrated to New-York in a French steamer. Some say, that while he was on his road to Boulogne, they were actually telegraphing him from London to Liverpool on some very important business. One thing, however, is certain, that he arrived here with a considerable capital, and died a wealthy merchant, leaving his son in very easy circumstances; and what was more, allied by marriage to the great house of Vanderbockser, which was traditionally reported to have considered itself ‘some pumpkins’ for a number of ages as yet unfigured up by accountants. His wife made him take the name, and of course he took her into the bargain.

‘Oh, my album—the album *de l’E-pe-eur!*’ shrieked Mrs. Vanderbockser. ‘Oh, John! how *could* you?’

Seeing strong symptoms of a scene, with crying and perhaps fainting accompaniment, Jack looked aghast at his mamma, and still more aghast at his unfortunate artistic perpetration. The fact was, he had taken up the pen in a fit of abstraction, and until attacked by his feminine parent, had not had the remotest idea of what he was doing. An obscure notion of ‘scratching it out,’ suggested by dim reminiscences of early writing-lessons, was the first thing that occurred to him, and he had whipped out a small and very genteel bowie-knife with a view to that delicate mode of erasure, when aid unexpected arrived.

‘Mr. Ginger Cocktail, mum,’ said a servant; and in walked the living realization of that important idea.

‘*Look* here, Mr. Cocktail!’ said Mrs. Vanderbockser; ‘that is Jack’s doing; only look at it!’

‘Certainly, madam; it is a remarkably clever sketch; quite a vigorous touch about it. Why, it’s the old ibis to the life! I had not the least idea Mr. John was so much of an artist. Upon my word, the way

that long bill is put in is quite characteristic of—of—what's his name? the——,

'The E-p-r-r's album!' moaned Mrs. Vanderbockser rather appropriately; for certainly nothing could have been more suitable than *long bills* in an album emanating from that illustrious individual. 'Jack did it!' repeated Mrs. Vanderbockser.

'And it is very well done,' reiterated Mr. Cocktail.

'You really think so?' said Mrs. Van (we ourselves get overpowered by the recurring sublimity of *that* name) seriously.

'Quite seriously!' affirmed Mr. Cocktail, with a semi-wink at Jack.

'Then Jack has a talent for art!' exclaimed the fond mamma.

'I should not wonder if he was a genius in that line,' flattered Mr. Cocktail.

If he *were* a genius, grammarians would have said. But Mr. Cocktail was not a grammarian; he was a speculator, and his scholastic resources were limited.

Here was a new field opened to Mrs. Van's mind. She knew before that her son was a genius; *now* she knew that he was destined to be a Raphael, or perhaps a Cruikshank. Who could tell?

Six months later Jack was in Rome, with Mr. Cocktail to look after him as governor. Two years later they returned to New-York. Mr. Van Morris was in that state whence spiritual manifestations are supposed to proceed; in fact, he was what is vulgarly termed defunct. Jack, who now called himself Vanderbockser right off, and rejected the name of Morris with unutterable disdain, was absorbed in his art, and in a female Italian model, who boarded at a French hotel, where she passed for a countess and was asked no questions. If Jack paid her board, no doubt he did it out of pure love of art, and looked upon her—merely as a model; which she certainly was, of more virtues than one.

How Cocktail lived for the next quarter, and who paid *his* board, or whether it was paid at all, we know not. A coolness had sprung up between that excellent young gentleman and Jack, owing, it was whispered, to Jack's having one day caught him trying to kiss the countess. Cocktail's private resources were negative, and entirely on the wrong side of the book; consisting, in fact, exclusively of debts to one person and another, which he could only expect to increase on the popular principle, that

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.'

However, he had one chance, and that was a 'screamer.' Mrs. Vanderbockser was fat, fair and forty, and a widow!

One day Jack came, as usual, to get some money from his mother, to whom every thing had been left absolutely by the departed Morris. As he entered, that agreeable lady introduced him to Mr. Cocktail as her husband. She was now Mrs. Vanderbockser Cocktail. There was no escaping the *Vanderbockser* by any process of social chemistry. Jack swore a fearful oath, which it had taken him half a day to learn in Italy of a Roman bandit who sat for his beard, and Mr. Vanderbockser Cocktail politely ordered him out of the house.

Thus Jack was ruined, kicked out of doors, and thrown upon his own

resources. What a consolation to reflect that he was a great artist! What a pity that no body else was aware of the fact!

It was at this period that we made Jack's personal acquaintance. Drunk in solitary splendor, we beheld in a certain supper-saloon a young man, with unlimited hair and an orange-colored moustache, balancing himself irresponsibly against the bar, and muttering wild and incoherent phrases.

It was Vanderbockser the painter.

Interested in his tale, which we gathered from his disjointed lamentations and curses, we persuaded him to go quietly to an hotel, and, as he had not a red cent in the world, we on the following day introduced him to a smart lawyer, who undertook to arrange the matter.

This was the lawyer's plan, which we admire for its simplicity: He obtained firstly an interview with Mrs. Vanderbockser Cocktail, and after working upon her maternal feelings, significantly informed her that he was in possession of certain proofs of her late husband's insanity at the time of making his will. He then repeated the latter hints to Mr. Cocktail, with a friendly warning, given of course without witnesses, that he *feared*, in fact *knew*, that it was Jack's deliberate intention to shoot him at the earliest opportunity. Now Cocktail was not particularly afraid of Jack, but he did not like the notion of being shot in cold blood like an ordinary beast of prey. So he relented, and assigned over to Jack certain building lots, which were supposed to be worth at least fifteen thousand dollars, and which Jack has been mortgaging deeper and deeper ever since, in hopes of something turning up to raise them in value; which something has not apparently yet been heard of.

Thus far we have given the early history and social fortunes of our friend Vanderbockser. We now come to the painter and the man.

Let us visit his studio.

The way to get there is worth knowing. You go up Broadway and turn to the left, then walk straight ahead until you are dog-tired; after that, you lose your way down some narrow streets, and come back into the avenue you started from. Then you ask a man the way, and he tells you, but you don't believe him, because you do not relish going under a dark archway that seems to lead no where. Finally, your doubts are removed by Vanderbockser himself, or his boy Figaro, (so called, but not baptized,) emerging from the cavernous entrance to buy some tobacco; after which you are led along like Faust by Mephistopheles into a very spacious old house, and discover to your surprise that by going down the next street and turning the corner, you might have walked quietly in at the front door, on which is a large brass plate, with the grand name of Vanderbockser inscribed upon it, in hieroglyphical German text; and there is a pretty dark-eyed Italian face looking over a blind which just intercepts the view of her smiling mouth, and who is, in point of fact, no other than the late Countess, now Mrs. Vanderbockser: for Jack has married her after all, and let the world talk — who cares?

We politely greet Mrs. Vanderbockser, junior, who takes the opportunity of showing her knowledge of English by a few well-meant but rather unintelligible phrases, as, of course, she always speaks Italian to Vanderbockser. She then leads us — supposing Figaro to have been

our original guide — into the studio of the modern master. There we find Vanderbockser smoking a long German pipe, with the Vanderbockser coat-of-arms painted on its china bowl. He offers us cigars; his dark-eyed lady glides away like a shadow, and we sit down in front of Vanderbockser's last painting to talk it over.

It is apparently an angel skating on a flat frozen cloud. This notion, however, we are shortly compelled to abandon, by Vanderbockser informing us that it is the Fairy Queen in her chariot; which is a great relief to our minds, as we could not recall any example of a skating angel in either the Old or New Testament. The Fairy Queen is not encumbered with earthly drapery; she is somewhat in the case of the lady in the epigram, who,

‘CLAD in virtue's spotless vest
Alone, was rather lightly dressed;’

and is, moreover, a striking likeness of Mrs. Vanderbockser. This is a peculiarity of Van's paintings. (It is really an economy of ink to clip that name occasionally.) His nymph bathing in Pactolus, and coming out electro-gilt in the sunset — a *brilliant* idea, to say the least — is an unmistakable Countess — we mean portrait of Mrs. V. His Aurora heralding the dawn, a young lady who evidently got up in too great a hurry to slip on a dressing-gown, is, notwithstanding her light-red hair, another copy of the same charming original. So is his Proserpine being carried off by Pluto; the latter infernal potentate being merely a mahogany-colored Vanderbockser with a lamp-black beard. So is the Leda, with the particularly impudent-looking swan taking a bite at her nose. So is the Eve, with, of course, Vanderbockser as Adam. All artists are passionately fond of introducing their own faces into their pictures. In addition to these subjects, we have known Mrs. Vanderbockser, whose maiden name was Viola Castrucchiamani, to figure as Venus rising from the sea; Andromeda chained to the rock; the three Graces, (three editions of herself in different attitudes;) an Indian princess, dressed in a very expensive necklace; Cleopatra, with her husband as Anthony, etc., etc.

In a word, the art of Vanderbockser might be summed up in one word — his wife. It is said that the man who can do one thing well, always succeeds in the long run. Vanderbockser does not get much for them, but he always sells his pictures when he wishes to do so. Candor compels us to state that the dealers who speculate in them dispose of them at a considerable profit to the more fashionable drinking-saloons. It is perhaps fortunate that the hundreds who there gaze upon the beauty thus made, as it were, common property, do not dream for one instant that an original so vastly superior to any copy is actually a living possession of the artist.

To do Van justice, he adores his wife. She is a gentle, loving slave to him, and they are perfectly happy together. Her great anxiety is lest he should kill himself by over-smoking; a danger which, as she often confided to us, caused her serious apprehensions.

We, for our part, entertained much graver fears that the poor lady would make herself ill by the constant fatigue of posing for her hus-

band. Never shall we forget the absurd scene which we witnessed the other day, when, calling on the painter of goddesses, he dragged us into his studio.

Our eyes were immediately arrested by what seemed a sort of sugar-loaf or pyramid of red blanket, which on nearer inspection proved to be Mrs. Van the younger, who had been posing at the moment of my arrival, and round whom her husband had hastily thrown an immense piece of stuff which served him as a back-ground for his pictures when hung upon a screen, so that nothing but her face smiling from beneath a sort of chimney-pot cowl formed by the last twirl of the blanket gave any indication of a human presence.

'Oh, never mind me!' said she, good-humoredly.

'Never mind V.,' said the painter, coolly. 'I want you to look at this design—the taking of Athens by the Persians. You see that Athenian maiden?'

I did; it was, of course, Mrs. Vanderbockser, with all her clothes torn off her back in the confusion.

She is pursued by a Persian soldier.

She was. That is, by Vanderbockser himself. The same small, brown eyes; the same somewhat puggish nose; the identical moustache, only altered in color; the sensuous mouth; the broad chest; the somewhat meagre legs; all, all were there; and a suit of brazen scale-armor, and a short cross-handled sword, into the bargain.

'In the back-ground,' continued Van, 'are Greeks and Persians fighting.'

'Yes,' said I, 'Greeks and Persians two feet high, and downward.'

'The perspective is correct,' said Vanderbockser, snappishly.

'The arm of that Athenian virgin is five feet long,' said we, spitefully.

'It is drawn as I saw it in nature,' said Vanderbockser, pompously.

'That is not a Greek altar there, is it?'

'What is it then?'

'A section of a column, to judge by appearances.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes; by-the-by, the aerial perspective is exaggerated quite to mistiness!'

After this, we had a regular fight as usual, which ended by our confessing ourselves mistaken, and Van adopting all our suggestions. Meanwhile, Viola had slipped away, and made a charming toilette, and we all had tea together: and as by this time Mrs. V. has learned English, for my sketch has supposed the lapse of five or six years since Van's return, they made us read them our last poem; and as it introduced a pair of lovers, Van, who is really a good fellow, and likes to say a pleasant thing to a friend, suggested the idea of a painting therefrom, in which, of course, he and his wife will figure as the principal *dramatis personæ*. We should not be surprised if it were to be seen at the next Academy exhibition; that is, if no 'd—d good-natured friend' goes telling Vanderbockser who wrote this article, a subject on which you are particularly requested to be strictly confidential in your communications.

W N.

A 'S P E A K I N G L I K E N E S S . '

THE following, rolled up in an old wooden snuff-box, like HOMER's Iliad in the famous nut-shell, has been forwarded to us by some unknown bard, whose modesty in concealing his name may perhaps be accounted for by his impudence in sending us so glaring an imitation of our friend Professor LONGFELLOW's well-known poem from the KNICKERBOCKER, 'The Skeleton in Armor.'

'TELL, if you can, old boy,
Your tale of pain or joy,
Whom on a German toy
Somebody painted;
Not with artistic skill,
But the dark void to fill
Left in his boarding-bill,
Figures unsainted?'

Then from the queer old phiz
Came there a curious hiss,
Sneezing at by-gone bliss,
To my amazement;
And a gruff voice of woe
Told me the wondrous sto-
ry, by which means I know
What the old face meant:

'I was a student once,
Called by my teachers dunce,
None of APOLLO's sons
On me have written;
But on this box a chap,
Who was not worth a rap,
Daubed me. His work now cap,
Mortal, verse-bitten!

'In the old German land,
With a wild student band,
Passed I from hand to hand
Beer in a beaker:
Oceans we drank of beer,
(Wine was of course too dear;)
For its effect ne'er fear,
Nothing is weaker!

'Oft, in the dead of night,
Smashed I the watchman's light,
Who from the proffered fight
Absquatulated!
Oft, at the fencing-school,
Fought I with courage cool;
Once, a projected duel
Beadles frustrated.

'Once, in a lonely street,
Glances extremely sweet
Was it my fate to meet,
Tender as mutton!

Then my best coat I took
From its accustomed hook,
And with admiring look
Kid-gloves I put on!

'Often I met the maid,
When she would promenade;
Both of us felt afraid,
Neither had spoken.
But I am sure that both,
Not in the slightest loth,
Feeling the passion's growth,
Wished the ice broken.

'She was a banker's child,
I but a student wild;
Dollars her sire had piled,
I was worth nothing.
Hopeless, in such a case,
Was it his ire to face:
Would he his gold disgrace
By such betrothing?

'She, and some thirty more
Girls I had seen before,
Walking beside the shore
Close to the river,
At an acade-my
Knocked knowledge into pi,
Under a dragon's eye,
Which made me shiver!

'She was a grim old dame,
(Can't recollect her name,)
But to her house I came,
Bent upon plunder;
Bent on a daring deed,
(Beauty is valor's meed,)
Sworn had I to succeed,
Or to go under!

'Six fellows with me went
To the establishment,
Where the young ladies sent
Sciences swallowed.
I in the van marched on,
All the rest, one by one,
Longing to see the fun,
Eagerly followed.

'Silence we closely kept;
Teachers and pupils slept,
As on the shoulders stept
I of the longest.
Thus, on the outer wall,
With a tremendous haul,
Did I contrive to crawl,
Tugging my strongest.

'There I remained alone,
As with a dismal groan,
Rubbing his shoulder-bone,
Ladderman grumbled;
Nobody followed me,
Nor did I stay to see,
As quickly into the
Garden I tumbled.

'Then from the other side
Somebody hoarsely cried,
'When we the spoil divide,
What will you leave us?'
Then I could hear their feet
Scampering down the street;
Never did friend yet meet
Conduct so grievous.

'Vengeance I deeply swore!
But I had now much more
Work on my hands than bore
Savage reflection.
I had a dollar paid
BESSIE the servant-maid,
Nor had remembrance strayed
As to direction.

'That was the window; there
Slept she, my love so fair!
Whom I had vowed to bear
Far from the dragon.
As for her father cold,
He might his dollars hold;
Dearer was she than gold,
With not a rag on!

'Full of delicious hope,
Then I my way did grope,
And by a vine-made rope
Boldly I mounted;
Wildly my heart did glow,
As with a cautious blow
Tapped I: oh, how the slow
Moments I counted!

'Soon to the soft appeal
Answer there did reveal,
By an astonished squeal:
Creak of a wagon

Never so sharp I knew;
Open the window flew,
And on my awe-struck view
Blazed — *the old dragon!*

'Dressed in a night-gown white,
Stood the old wrinkled fright,
Raging before my sight
Like a tornado:
'*Villain!*' she screamed, '*and thief!*
Murderer, bandit-chief!
Atheist in belief!
Black renegade!

'What are you doing here?
Why do you thus appear
Smelling of smoke and beer?
Infamous student!
'Something I came to bag
Fairer than thou, vile hag!
Idly my tongue did wag,
Rage is imprudent.

'Mid-face with bony fist
Struck she my nose; her wrist
Giving an awful twist,
It was a stunner!
Backward I straight did fall,
Quitting the vine-clad wall,
Like a man shot with ball
Fired by a gunner!

'Bump! on my nether man
Fell I, then rose and ran,
And by a tree began
Climbing the outer
Wall, as I did before;
Waistcoat and pants I tore:
Oh! the next day was sore,
Questioned about her!

'But a dark rumor swelled:
I was to be expelled,
College debates were held,
I was the victim.
Watchman, by name of SNAGS,
Swore to a man in rags,
Cursing a pile of hags,
Who had once licked him.

'Then, to a distant shore
Sailing, I heard no more,
Far from the scenes of yore,
Till a poor debtor
Landing upon the quay,
Did I behold one day,
With my young passion's fay —
Thus 't was I met her.

'He was without a cent,
All that he had was spent;
When I a trifle lent,
Vast was the favor.
Fortunes are built on sand.
When his fair daughter's hand
Freely did I demand,
Freely he gave her.

'Sorrow has softened rocks.
Me, on this wooden box,
Which an ADONIS mocks,
Rudely he painted.

Such his new means of life,
Changed from ambition's strife;
But when my angel-wife
Saw it, she fainted.

'Daubing with art so rough,
Many a box for snuff
Colored old HERR VAN MUFF,
Ere he departed:
When, in her turn, Death's gripe
Seized *her*, for heaven ripe,
Smoked I my final pipe —
Died broken-hearted!'

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

A FAITHFUL AUTOBIOGRAPHY: RENEWED BY REQUEST.

BY GLAUSER SAULTZ, M. D.

THE friendly sons of St. Patrick were bound to me by an allegiance second only to that which they owed the priest. There were a thousand spades in the county. The public works brought them in requisition, and as Father Mathew had not yet appeared with his medals, intemperance was by no means rare. They were continually getting buried under banks, run over by cars, or blown up with gun-powder. How often have I arrived at the shanty to administer to those who were only subjects for the coroner! The deader poor Pat lay, so much the faster would his friends run to fetch the doctor. Brotherly affection is a shining virtue of the Irish phalanx. Here the hovel often excels the palace: for they would cut their pig's throat, give their last potato, or yield up their last penny, to befriend the sick or unfortunate. 'Go thou and do likewise.' Pat looks out for others with a quick eye when they are in distress, but has a blundering brain in matters which concern himself. Hence, he has been a great sufferer since the invention of gun-powder, and hecatombs of his race are offered up a yearly sacrifice on all the public works. For the mile-stones on the rail-roads might be made of tomb-stones, and the distances might be measured by the loss of life. Every embankment in the country should be a tumulus *in memoriam*, and every excavation sacred as a sepulchre of human bones. Where you see a canal dug, rest assured that it has been a river Styx over which many a son of Erin has crossed to the land of shades; and most appropriately is the material with which he builds entitled *Mort*. When he ascends the scaffold, how often does he go to his execution while the voices on the ramparts continually repeat the cry of *Mort, Mort!* If he has often a weak head, he has a warm heart. I honor his honest labor to get a living 'betwixt the day-light and the dark:' I have an affection for his race. My feelings have been wounded by the essay of some writer on the distinctive

habits of Irishmen. Why not write an essay with equal justice on the habits of Scotchmen, or on the habits of Yankees? But he has treated the subject with an unsavory ridicule. Far be it from me to do the same thing; but the grotesque and ridiculous have been so mingled as an element in all my medical experience with the friendly sons, that a portion of it will form an appropriate chapter in my memoirs which are now to be given to the world. I shall therefore devote a few pages, which might be lengthened to a whole volume, to the record of adventures. If they serve no other turn, they will perhaps while away a few moments by the winter fire-side of some jaded country doctor before he retires to his uncertain rest. Should he not be hurriedly called to the bed-side of the sick before he has read it through, he will no doubt smile and say, 'I can tell him something better than this.' There is no doubt of it, brother; but remember I don't tell the half of what I know. For I have so often been guilty of a smile, where methinks that I ought to have shed a tear, that I will forbear to ferret out the element of ridicule where it is too much involved in a heart-felt grief. When the occasion has pressed me sore, I have sometimes asked for grace to enable me to smother a most untimely grin, or even a cachinnation which threatened to break out from a heart really impregnated with solemn feeling in the very chamber of death. There is one remark which, as a medical man, I have to make of the Patricians, that it is a peculiarity of theirs to be always ailing at the *heart*.

'What is the matter with you, my good fellow?'

'Oh, me heart! me heart!'

Although I generally found their hearts in the right place, as I have already declared, I can recall but one or two instances where the complaint was not made. But to proceed. One day there was a furious knocking at the door. Mary, the maid-servant, fresh from Erin, answered the call, and returned saying:

'There is a gintleman wants to spake wi' ye.'

I attended to the gentleman, and took my seat, when there was another violent appeal. Mary returned and said:

'There's a pearson wishin' to spake with you.'

I prescribed for the person, and began to read, when a reiterated appeal was made at the knocker. Mary returned and said:

'There's a *mon*, Sir.'

Into those three classes did Mary, according to her judgment, divide the male part of the human family: a gentleman, a person, and a mon.

'Ask in the mon, Mary.'

Thump — thump — thump.

'Oh, it's you, O'Donohue? What made you knock so hard? Do you think we are all deaf or dead, or was it your intention to knock the house down?'

'And sure it was not, asking yer honor's parthion. It was life and death, Sir. I was in partickler haste, and wad you plase come to Kelly's by the bridge immadiately? He'll may be not be lasting over night.'

'And what ails Kelly?'

'Och, it's not Kelly; better it was; it's Jemmy Hayden.'

'And what's the matter with Hayden?'

'That's what I can't say, Sir; that's for your arn'r to say, Sir; and he can't move his jaw a bit.'

'Then he's got the lockjaw, no doubt. I'll go with you, O'Donohue. Have you brought a lantern?'

'There's a good rail over the ditch. I'll guide your worship that ye don't fall.'

'Very well, you must take me home again. I've no notion of stumbling over those bogs by star-light. I am afraid that Hayden is too fond of the crathur, is he not, O'Donohue?'

'That's his wakeness, and Jemmy will be after takin' a drap sometimes. He's a wake head, Sir, a wake head. He's had a bad jarb in the ditch, up to his knays in wather; he's may be been takin' a leetle to kape the cowl out, but that I can't say; indade, I can't say.'

'That's the bane of your people. If they would abstain from strong drink, I should not so often be called to administer in their troubles. I hope that you, O'Donohue ——'

'Upon me sowl —— Luk now, your arn'r,' he said, interrupting himself, and holding my arm, 'here's a dape strame o' wather over yere fut. Put yere fut on the rail firrum, and give may yere arn'r's hand.'

Following the guiding steps of Mr. O'Donohue, I arrived at a suburban place near an unhealthy marsh, the seat of bull-frogs, mosquitoes, and miasma. On the borders of this lowland, and builded almost among the bogs, were a number of Irish cabins, pig-sties, and cow-yards, through which it was hard to pick out a path without sinking ankle-deep. Poor sons of toil! how stunted is your reward, how bitter your poverty, how terrible the incubus, whatever it may be, which weighs you down! Cheerful heart, and stalwart arm, and patient industry, and unrepining disposition, found under such roofs in a Christian land, and at the very acme of civilization, afford a melancholy problem for the moralist and the philosopher; and I never enter into the mud cottage and miserable shanty without some endeavor to solve it. Down, down, down, down they delve and dig, and bear burdens, and build the fortunes of other men, while the very shadows deepen because they skirt the sunshine of prosperity, and the very gloom of their estate is from the overhanging richness and luxury of the land.

'O'Donohue!' I said, 'have you ever known what it was to be without a potato or a bit of bread, while hunger was gnawing at your stomach?'

'Niver so bad. Wud to God I could say it!'

'Why so? That is a strange wish to be a candidate for starving. I have never been called in all my practice to give physic to any sick with that disease, but I have read to-day that the famine is raging, and in a land where there is bread enough and to spare thousands perish with hunger.'

'I sint three puns to me owld father to bring him here.'

'And did the money arrive safely?'

'Yis. It might as well be sunken in the dape say. The old man was dead, stane dead, this three months; starved to death!' and I felt the arm of the poor fellow tremble with emotion. How strange, thought I, are the lights and shadows of human life!

'Now give me your harnd,' said O'Donohue; 'put your fut in this stare; now on this board; now on the bog, and it's there you are.'

By this time I had arrived at the shanty, from which proceeded the sound of many voices mingled with lamentation. A dim light as from an unsnuffed mould-candle shone within. Stumbling over a full-grown grunter who disputed the passage, I entered in, expecting to find the patient dead, or at the last gasp, for things wore very much the appearance of an Irish wake. The room was filled with men and women, drawn together by curiosity and sympathy for the fate of Jemmy Hayden. They stood up, forming in the twilight of the miserable apartment a squalid group, such as could be better pictured by the pencil than by the pen. Distressful as they looked, I saw no sick man among them.

'Where is the patient?' I said peremptorily, for I had somehow caught the tone in which it was customary to speak to this down-trodden people. And in our profession it is often necessary to discard the milder forms of speech, and to proceed quickly. 'Where is the patient?'

'Plase walk up, Sir.'

I saw but one room, and inquired, 'Where is the stair-case?'

'This way, Sir; ' and I was conducted up the rungs of a perpendicular ladder into a miserable loft overhead. Soon as my head emerged through the opening in the wall into this upper chamber, where, in restricted quarters, immediately beneath the unplastered roof, through which the stars shone, and the rains leaked, and the winds blew, lived Jemmy Hayden and his wife, upon my word, the most inexpressibly ridiculous spectacle met my eye which I ever witnessed in the whole course of my experience! An old crone rocked herself in the corner silently and with an expression of face as if submitting to the course of DIVINE PROVIDENCE. The wife was very much agitated indeed, frequently exclaiming in words which, for want of knowing how to write the brogue, I will not attempt to record. Jemmy Hayden lay flat upon his back on the floor, *with an iron poker sticking out of his mouth!* and held tight between his teeth with the tenacity of a vice. 'Och! och!' he rolled his eyes about most piteously as if his last hour had come. To save my life I could not refrain from a hearty fit of laughter, after which I interrogated his wife as to this strange proceeding. It appeared that Jemmy had been at work in the ditch and had taken a violent 'cowl,' resulting in tetanus, or stiffness of the jaws. That evening he could not open his mouth, in consequence of which his wife had attempted to pry it open with a poker, which remained sticking. What was to be done? Chloroform was just coming into fashion, and by the application of a little I unlocked his jaws in the twinkling of an eye, with the magic of 'Open sesame.' If a miracle had been performed no more gratitude or astonishment could have been manifested than when I took the poker, and descending the ladder brandished it over the heads of Mr. Hayden's friends, commanding them to go home at once, and not stand there making a noise and disturbing a sick man. 'Yis, yere arn'r, yis, yis, yis;' and with the docility of children, they departed every man to his home. Mr. O'Donohue conducted me over the ditch and over the bogs again to my own quarters; and half-a-dozen times during the night I found myself involuntarily laughing at this singular adventure. On the next

morning the patient was doing well, and while I got the credit of skilful practice among the Irish nation, I won the everlasting gratitude of Jemmy Hayden.

C H I L D R E N .

The golden edges of the summer clouds,
 The laughing beauty of the sunny sea,
 Or in the night its star-gemm'd, heaven-wrapt dreams,
 Tell of the holy time when little eyes,
 With childhood's wonder, gaze upon the world.
 The glorious vision of enchanted things,
 The heavenly light o'er all the earth, the joy
 That nestles only in young children's hearts,
 Make the bright, many-tinted gate of life
 A thousand rain-bows; and amid their light,
 The wings of Innocence and Purity
 Fold o'er the little traveller, as the clear
 And silver halo o'er a star, and make
 What is but earth seem part of heaven. How glad
 At dawn the lovely sun-created cloud,
 With myriad golden glories in its heart,
 Like a gay vision in the fields of air,
 Sails, from its God, away. And childish hearts —
 Sweet rain-bows at life's morning — looking back,
 A strange rare beauty show, as heavenly visitants
 Folded within the little hearts, or from
 The young eyes looking forth, could only give.
 Sweet Innocence, so holy-bright and fair,
 Joyous Affection, heaven-born Purity,
 What hallowing stamp ye set upon the face,
 What fairy light stealing o'er all the form,
 What halo cast ye round, till, clothed so fair,
 Like little angels children walk the earth.
 Ye look upon them, and as imaged stars
 At night within the bosoms of calm seas
 Sleep sweetly fair, so in young children's hearts
 Seem sleeping memories of your distant home.
 Ye look upon them, and the world seems all
 Gladness and beauty. One bright golden dream,
 Before the darkness of the after-time,
 Devouring, vampire-like, their joy and life,
 Leaves the years cold and dead; before the fire
 Of maddening passion, like the lightning, wakes
 To wither and to desolate; before
 Come Pride and Hatred, Lust, Revenge, to warp,
 Defile and blacken, as a short-lived glimpse
 Of Paradise, is all that God has made.
 And ye, so beauteous, with your undimm'd eyes,
 Who thus can see the sun-light of the world,
 What in the wide domain of nature is
 So fresh, so fair, so beautiful and fair?
 The chosen ones of God, worthy alone
 To form His kingdom, ye the jewels are
 That make Earth's crown; and fairer do ye show,
 And brighter, than the brightest stars in heaven.

T

A FRAGMENT: FROM THE GERMAN.

SLEEP, my heart's son, my own darling and prize,
Drop the fringed lids o'er thy blue laughing eyes:
From thy fair forehead the insects I wave,
And all is peaceful and still as the grave.

Now shines thy life-sun with goldenest ray,
Naught in thy future is fair as to-day.
Once that thy heaven with cares cloudeth o'er,
Sleep like this, darling, will woo thee no more.

Angels from heaven, as lovely as thou,
Watch o'er thy slumbers, and smile on thee now;
Ah! if they visit thy fast-coming years,
'T will be but to wipe from thine eye-lids the tears.

Child of my bosom, though night cometh on,
Thy mother will watch till its shadows be gone.
Let day light the sky, or let stars gild its deeps,
The love of a mother ne'er slumbers nor sleeps.

DONALD MACLEOD

M E M O R I E S .

BY A MISSIONARY.

I AM not as young as I once was; the truth of which may very probably appear in more ways than one before my memories are done, for it is my present purpose to call some of them up from 'the vasty deep' of a very forgetful mind. I wonder if any of the present generation would like to travel with an old man over a small portion of his former life? There is comfort for them in the thought, that when he grows intolerably prolix they are not bound by politeness to *seem* to listen.

My 'subject' is susceptible of division under several heads: as, Vague Memories, Floating Memories, Home Memories, Memories of Travel, etc., etc.; but I intend to be confined to no *heads* or *feet* either; for my readers, if I should have any, are hereby once for all informed that I intend to write neither sermons nor poetry, but, sitting here in my easy chair, with my loose gown on, chat away about things long since forgotten, except by one who is himself forgotten, perhaps, by most or all of those who had any part in the occurrences. Shall I moralize here? How can I help it? Think of my vocation, and — sixty! But no, I will forbear, at least for the present.

I was in Pittsburgh in the month of November, 1817, looking from the point on which old Fort Pitt *had* stood — the very starting-point,

you know, of the Ohio river — looking down that river to see whether I could see the end of my journey. But one cannot quite *see* the mouth of the Ohio from its head; and, to confess the truth, the prospect at that time was to me somewhat like that into another ‘undiscovered country’ of which we read, rather dark and misty. Howbeit, it must be tried; and the only thing to be done was to find the conveyance. Steam-boats run, plenty of them, from Pittsburgh to St. Louis now; it was not exactly so then. There may have been one or two lying at the landing; this is a *vague* memory; but I cannot say that I remember any. It was too common an occurrence, however, for people to be passing down the river, and consequently needing some sort of craft for the purpose, to leave it impracticable or difficult to obtain it. There were several kinds on hand, usually, from which one could take his choice.

Barges and keel-boats (the latter smaller, less commodious, but more easily managed than the former) were the vehicles of commerce. They were propelled by sails, or oars, or setting-poles, or cordelles, as occasion might demand or allow. Then there were bateaux and skiffs of various dimensions. These were sometimes chosen by gentlemen-voyagers, being light and easily managed; and, with a covering over part, afforded shelter at night and in storms. Beside these, there were flat-boats, or broad-horns, as they were often called. It seemed a curious fact to me, though easily accounted for, that the flat-boats which we saw on one side of the town differed considerably in construction and appearance from those on the other side. In the Alleghany the boats were in the form of scows, such as are seen, I believe, on most eastern as well as western rivers, at ferries, excepting that they had a sort of house erected on them, with a space at each end open and uncovered. In the Monongahela they were in appearance mere boxes, entirely closed up, except a small space at the forward end, over which the roof did not extend, used as a gangway to the cabin. The roof of the cabin, composed of boards, sprung into an arched form, and laid double with overlapping joints, *tolerably* tight, was the deck of the boat, on which the steering and propelling oars were hung, and the navigators walked. They were usually ten or twelve feet wide, and frequently sixty or seventy feet long. Such were then daily, but now rarely seen on these western waters. Of course *they* could only float down-stream.

Well, I was *there*, and aimed to be *here*; and the question was, how to do it. My wife and child, a dearborn wagon, and what I had brought in it, composed (with my own little person) the sum total of all I had and all I was. Ignorant of the ways of the world, though reared in a city behind a counter, with a *very* small amount of cash — most of that the product of a horse sold at half his cost — and with but little self-reliance, I confess that, when I found myself in that smoky, busy town, without a soul in it whom I had ever seen, and called unexpectedly to find my way alone, a thousand miles farther than I had wearily come, my heart sank within me.

I had expected to find a friend — a brother — there, whose energy and mental resources far exceeded mine; and when I learned that he was gone — but why attempt to tell the utter loneliness and helplessness of my condition, as it appeared to me then? But, as we say here, ‘I’d

be to go, any how.' So I hunted up a friend of my brother's, and found, after a day or two of consideration and consultation, that he also had concluded to migrate. We agreed to go together. After due search, we found on the Monongahela side a young man who, desirous of passing down to some point below the mouth of the Ohio, had purchased a flat-boat on speculation, with a view to take freight or passengers. He was a Yankee, of course, and of course managed to get to his destination without expense not only, but with a profit. We, as we understood it, chartered the boat at a price somewhat more than its cost, for the trip to Shawneetown; and just as the sun was setting bright and clear, on the first day of December, 1817, we put out from the landing, and soon floated quietly into the calm and beautiful Ohio.

My emotions — no, I will not trouble the reader with *them*, but rather describe our company and accommodations, giving leave to laugh or cry, as the said reader pleases.

Imprimis, the boat. I have not described *our* boat, but only boats in general. The boat we chartered was a family-boat, about twenty-five feet or less in length, of the Monongahela pattern. My fellow-traveller had purchased some five hundred dollars' worth of tin-ware as a venture, which being packed in divers large boxes was stowed away in the cabin, filling it pretty completely full. There was, in fact, left a passage from the front three feet wide to an open space at the stern, where a brick-lined fire-place with wooden chimney was built. This open space was our cabin, six or eight feet by ten or twelve. Such was the area in which our two families had to cook, and eat, and sleep, *and stay*, during our voyage. My family, as I have told you, consisted of three; my friend had a wife and two children, beside a young lady, a friend of theirs, handsome, bright, intellectual, who accompanied them to seek her fortune, which she found at Shawneetown in the shape of —

As I was saying, (if I counted right,) we made out just the same number as floated in another *flat-boat* a good while ago, beside our captain, who, while the boat was running, would of course be on deck, and at other times we could n't tell where. So we thought our 'eight souls' by ingenious contriving might be packed away somehow. In the first place, we laid down two beds side by side in the corner opposite the chimney, and there the women and children slept, and there they had to stay day and night for a time. My friend and I spread our pallets on the top of some boxes of tin-ware, where they did not quite reach the deck; not very bad bunks, if we could have stretched out our legs, or turned over.

'Eight souls' beside the captain. Such was our calculation. But we soon found that, though my fellow-traveller was a full-bred Yankee from Boston, and I brought up to calculating behind a counter, we had very greatly miscalculated the capacity of our boat, or the benevolence of our captain-owner. In short, he had been 'so wrought upon by importunity,' that he had agreed to take *a few* more passengers, 'for a consideration,' of course; and when we brought our families on board, we found some twenty-odd persons, of various descriptions — no, not *descriptions*, but temperaments, for they were all pretty much of one description — sharing with us a space which would not have been too spacious for my own

little household. There was no help for it without a quarrel or a lawsuit; so we had to get along as we could: and we did.

All family-boats that passed down the river in those days were not just like ours in their arrangements. I saw one that was fitted out at the same time, of about the same dimensions, which was lined with green baize, carpeted, and furnished for the accommodation of a single family, quite comfortable. But the proprietor was in a different line of business, being cashier of a bank, I think, at Louisville.

If any should be curious to hear how we advanced, I may tell something about it hereafter, as I call up other memories.

'R O B I E T H A T ' S A W A ' . '

THIS original, lively and felicitous song was sung at the celebration of BURNS's birth-day at Delhi, Delaware county, and was received with cordial applause. It was written, as we gather from our informant, almost impromptu for the occasion.

THERE is nae bard to charm us now,
 Nae bard ava
 Can sing a sang to nature true,
 Since Coila's bard's awa'.

The simple heart o' earlier days
 In silence slumbers now;
 And modern art, wi' tuneless lays,
 Presumes the Nine to woo:
 But nae bard in all our isle,
 Nae bard ava,
 Frae pauky Coila wins a smile
 Since ROBIN gaed awa'!

His hamely style let Fashion spurn —
 She wants baith taste and skill;
 And wiser should she ever turn,
 She'll sing his sangs hersel':
 For nae sang sic pathos speaks,
 Nae sang ava;
 And Fashion's foreign rants and squeaks
 Should a' be drum'd awa'!

Her far-fetched figures aye maun fail
 To touch the feeling heart;
 SIMPLICITY's direct appeal
 Excels sic learned art:
 And nae modern minstrel's lay,
 Nae lay ava,
 Sae pow'rfully the heart can sway
 As ROBIN's, that's awa'!

For o'er his numbers Coila's muse
 A magic influence breathed,
 And round her darling poet's brow
 A peerless crown had wreathed;

And nae wreath that e'er was seen,
Nae wreath ava,
Will bloom so lang's the holly green
O' ROBIN, that's awa'.

Let Erin's minstrel, TAMMY MOORE,
His solos slily sing;
'T wad lend his harp a higher power
Wad Coila add a string:
For nae harp has yet been kent,
Nae harp ava,
To match the harp by Coila lent
To ROBIN, that's awa'.

And tho' our shepherd JAMIE HOGG
His pipe did sweetly play,
It ne'er will charm auld Scotland's lug
Like ploughman ROBIN's lay:
For nae pipe did JAMIE tune,
Nae pipe ava,
Like that which breathed by 'Bonnie Doon,'
Ere ROBIN gaed awa'.

E'en Scotland's pride, Sir WALTER SCOTT,
Who boldly strikes the lyre,
Maun yield to ROBIN's sweet love-note,
His native wit and fire:
For nae bard hath ever sung,
Nae bard ava,
In hamely or in foreign tongue,
Like ROBIN, that's awa'!

Frae feeling heart TOM CAMPBELL's lays
In classic beauty flow;
But ROBIN's artless sang displays
The soul's impassioned glow:
For nae bard by classic lore,
Nae bard ava,
Has thrill'd the bosom's inmost core
Like ROBIN, that's awa'!

A pow'rful harp did BYRON sweep,
But no' wi' happy glee;
And tho' his tones were strong and deep,
He ne'er could change the key:
For nae bard aneath the lift,
Nae bard ava,
Wi' master skill the keys could shift
Like ROBIN, that's awa'!

He needs nae monumental stanes
To keep alive his fame;
Auld granny Scotland, and her weans,
Will ever sing his name:
For nae name does Fame record,
Nae name ava,
By Caledonia mair adored
Than ROBIN's, that's awa'!

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

I could gaze the live-long day
 Upon children at their play;
 Yes, with pure and calm delight,
 I could watch from morn to night
 How they ride the mimic horse,
 How they spend their puny force
 In drawing loads of sticks and moss,
 Or stretching bridges drains across,
 Or building palaces of chips,
 Or in the streamlet sailing ships,
 A twig their mast, a ray their sail,
 While their own breath supplies the gale.
 'Happy children!' then I say,
 'Take your pleasure while you may:
 Life affords not many joys
 Sweeter than those of girls and boys!'

IOTA

SECOND MARRIAGES.

CONVERSING not long since with an elderly gentleman, (a widower,) he expressed his surprise that any one, who had been happily wedded once, could ever marry a second time. 'The idea to me,' said he, 'seems sacrilege. Although my wife has been dead many years, yet her memory is still fresh and green with me, and scarce a day passes that I do not recall her to my mind with a melancholy yet soothing delight. The thought that she alone of all others possessed my love, that while living my hopes were only of her, and now that she is gone I have memories of none else, fills my loneliest hours with unspeakable joy. Friends wonder why I continue a widower; they urge that it would be better for me to change my condition: and perhaps it would, regarding it from their point of view; but I cannot forget the past, I cannot bear the thought of a second love, a divided remembrance.'

We are aware that the world, generally, is no subscriber to this doctrine; yet to our mind it seems eminently correct in theory, and not altogether impossible in practice.

It has come to be an axiom in civilized society, that marriage is an institution of God; yet it is equally a fact that few have a just conception of what the phrase expresses.

Many suppose the marriage relation derives its sacredness from God's verbal revelation that so it should be, without seeking the deeper and primary reason in the affections and essential nature of the soul He has given us.

It is true that human law regards marriage as a *contract* merely; but this will not seem so objectionable, nay, so revolting as it otherwise would to our best feelings and highest instincts, if it be borne in mind that it is a contract between *souls*, and that in such connection the defining term 'contract' has a higher and more far-reaching signification than when applied to the ordinary transactions of mankind.

Failing to apprehend and recognize this vital fact, the world practically

regards love, which is the incentive to and the bond of marriage, as a mere article of traffic. Hence, the idea being degraded, love, instead of being that fine and pure mental manifestation of the soul God intended it to be, has become earthly and impure, and the marriage relation, as a matter of course, is no longer considered inviolate. That this state of things is due in some degree to the commonness of second, third, fourth, fifth, and Heaven knows how many more marriages, we do not doubt; and in this belief we proceed to throw a few thoughts around the following position: That with rightly-constituted minds, a second marriage tends to degrade the true idea of the institution.

The ideal conceptions of men exert a much greater influence on their outward conduct than is commonly supposed. Every man has such conceptions, more or less clearly defined; and though his practice usually falls far below his mental standard, yet there is always an effort to approximate thereto. Hence, the higher the ideal the greater will be the exertion to give it life in the actual, and bring the 'daily walk and conversation' into closer conformity to its requirements.

This is true in every department of society. In proportion as the lawyer loves and esteems his profession, so will his course therein be upright and successful; as the clergyman consciously realizes the peculiar sacredness of his calling, so will be his success in rendering himself useful to men and acceptable to God. Likewise the farmer, if he has a just sense of the ennobling nature of his occupation, regarding with honest pride his 'labor-hardened hands and sun-browned brow,' deeming himself, as he may without irreverence, a far-off imitator of the first great WORKER, will give to his vocation a dignity itself ennobling, and do much to raise his hitherto despised order to that foremost position it of right deserves. So with the topic under consideration.

As love is pure and strong, springing into life, not as the offspring of sexual passion or the cold and unwilling slave of circumstances; not as a mere jet of feeling, drying up with the subsidence of the transient excitement which gave it birth, but as the rational result of a contact of two souls, one in sentiment, one in taste, and one in all those fine and subtle emotions which constitute the soul-life; so will the rite which brings consummation be invested with a sanctity that no lapse of time can lessen and no contingency disturb.

Now when love like this (and any other is unworthy of the name) comes to be a living power in the human soul, it owes all its force and vitality to the idea of a *perpetual* union.

Nothing less than this is sufficient. Love *then*, or when it is based upon the idea of a *perpetual* union, is not a mere passion, it is something higher: an affection, nourished by the enduring warmth of a living idea; a pure spiritual emotion, a joy of the soul, a free spontaneous going forth of like to meet like, even as light flaming from sun to sun melts and mingles in inseparable union. In such love there is nothing earthly; it is clear and transparent like light. No sexual impulse dwells in it, and disturbs its calm equable flow with the tumultuous heavings and irregular billows of instinctive desire. The possession of the person for its own sake is not thought of. The rosy lip, the sunny smile, and the speaking eye are not coveted, save as the eloquent vehicles of that soul-life which

shall last in freshness and immortal youth when the mere earthy part has perished for ever.

Conceive now of two souls, in each of whom such an affection as we have faintly delineated has come to be living. Conceive it to have been fostered and strengthened by a full and unreserved interchange of thoughts and sympathies in secret, away from the world and its chilling scrutiny; and then, when there is no doubt, no misgiving, suppose it to be avowed before men, and sanctified by the holy ritual ordained of God. Think farther of these two souls going hand in hand along life's journey, drawing closer and closer together with each successive obstacle, until, in that most endearing intimacy and nearness, there seems but one heart, one soul, one life! Suppose now, in the midst of this sweet repose, when life has new joys and eternity new hopes, death comes, and the earthy vehicle of one of these two souls be removed from sight and covered up in the cold damp ground.

What remains for the survivor but memory and hope: the one of a union in the past, the other of a reunion (the more perfect because perpetual) in the future? It may be that the mind, for a time, under the pressure of so terrible a deprivation, refuses to be comforted, and feeds on its own despair; yet when the eye has become accustomed to the empty chair, the vacant chamber with its crushing stillness, the *Idea* (before alluded to) then comes like a sustaining presence to the bereaved, and whispers, 'She still lives: her bright form you will see no more on earth, but *what you loved* can never die; that gentle soul, which so blossomed and grew in the sunshine of yours, is immortal, and perchance even now hovers near you; those pure thoughts and genial sympathies, which so gladly and spontaneously sprung forth to meet your own, are imperishable, for thought never dies, and is the food, nay, the life of souls. Despair not: love is not confined to earth alone. The universe is filled with it; all created intelligences drink it in like water; and in heaven, whither she has gone, there is nothing else. Be of good cheer. You will one day meet her there; and though in that pure realm there is neither 'marrying nor giving in marriage,' yet souls and thoughts purely wedded on earth have a nearer affinity in heaven.'

Thus is the mourner comforted. Henceforth he is content to tread life's pathway alone: no, not *alone*. There is a presence near, that sustains and soothes, shedding, unseen by other eyes, sweet influences over his work-day life, and filling his hours of loneliness completely full of memories of the past. How beautiful such a faith as this! Let the world scoff and sneer, regarding it as the unsubstantial and unsatisfying vision with which a morbid mind cheats itself. There are those who regard it as not wholly vain; who consider as no cheat and no delusion a belief that gives them the pure spirit of an 'angel gone before' for a companion, and cling with contented tenacity to a life that gives them an unpolluted and undivided memory for a friend. At such let those scoff who will. The 'world' may point its cold chilling finger at them with perfect impunity, for it stands in no danger of being persuaded to give credence to a doctrine it has neither the present capacity to understand nor the honesty to follow. With too many (is it beyond truth to say with most?) in this practical age, marriage is a mere matter of con-

venience, in which, humanly speaking, there is not a particle of pure genuine *love*. Station, wealth, power and beauty are too generally the motives impelling to this most holy connection. With not a few mere passion is the impelling power; a fact mournfully showing that, while man has a capacity for immortal things, he has also propensities of which the undue indulgence degrades him even below the brute. What sadder spectacle can Purity and Truth look upon in this world of ours than that of two immortal souls standing before the marriage altar, like pieces of cold and unmagnetic steel, pronouncing with mere 'lip-service' their meaningless and unfelt vows? Yet, to the shame of our humanity, such cases are common enough. An almost infinite distance stretches between love in its truest idea and positive crime, yet the space is well filled, and by those too who realize not the position they occupy, nor understand or care to understand the true import of the obligations which hold them there.

It may be urged that this view of the subject, in addition to being fine-spun and visionary, is utterly impracticable; that the pressure of circumstances may be such, oftentimes, as almost to compel one to take a second companion, perhaps as a matter of duty. Suppose it is so. What is the effect of such a necessitated union? Necessity in such case is slavery, and of all species of bondage, that of the heart and soul is the most terrible. Hence, whenever concurrence of circumstances or pious convictions of duty drive one to 'commit matrimony' in the absence of that pure regard which ennobles all permanent sexual connections, the effect must necessarily be degrading. How can that union prove firm, stable, and productive of happiness, when there is wanting the binding force and living agency of love—pure, spontaneous, self-vital love? It cannot be. Two souls united without this cohesive principle existing between them, are in reality as far apart as before. Magnets that are no magnets may be brought into contact and apparently unite; but withdraw the outward force, and they drop apart at once. So unmagnetic souls may be brought together and joined in a life-long union, yet never really unite. They lack the affining power of love. Hence, when one dies, the other puts on the *outward* form of mourning, as required by the customs of polite society, appears thus for the usual period or a *little less*, and is then ready for a second venture. What a mockery for Christian men and women! We know an orthodox clergyman, between the death of whose first wife and his marriage with a second intervened but four months. Another, within sight of the place where we write, is living with his fifth wife, and has not himself seen his fortieth year! Verily, we should like to ask such practical teachers of morality, could we do so without irreverence, to explain the essential difference between polygamy in this world, and the consciousness in the next of being surrounded by a plurality of souls with whom, so far as memory, sympathy and nearness are concerned, the same relation exists. If there is aught in the nature of things which makes it sinful for one man to have two wives at the same time in this life, will not the reason apply with equal or greater force to the consciousness of a similar relation in the next? For, if souls are to have a conscious existence at all in the world to come, they will surely be conscious of each other's identity, and of former

earthly relations, since these latter mould the character of each soul, and make it, to a considerable extent, what it is.

The vague and shadowy ideas most people entertain of another life have doubtless much to do with their acting with so little reference to it. The common notions of spirit, spiritual existence, and spiritual relation are too intangible and unreal to exercise much influence on our present earthly life. This ought not to be. The human mind, in addition to believing in the fact of existence after death, ought to have impressed upon it clearly-defined conceptions of the modes and purposes of that existence; so that, being regarded, not as a leap from, but merely as a *continuation* of this life, it would be brought nearer to our present thoughts, purposes and feelings, and in an important degree generate, chasten and direct them to *its* more enduring and higher uses and ends. Then would marriage be looked upon as really a union which, being truly formed, and receiving God's sanction, can never be put asunder. We repeat, can *never* be put asunder; for unless memory, thought, individuality and consciousness are to be wholly obliterated, or rendered inert in the world to come, the relation once so intimate and so dear on earth will be a living reality in the soul, yea, its most precious possession. What God hath joined together man may not put asunder, neither in this world nor in the world to come.

B. C

W A T E R - C U R E .

A BUBBLE FROM A SUBMERGED PATIENT

LINES WRITTEN IN THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK AT THE ROUND-HILL WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

'Suspiria a profundis.'

ONCE, when the world for years had been
Sick with the fell disease of sin,
All swollen with unsightly tumors,
And broken out with ugly humors,
The Lord, the first great Hydropath,
Cured the whole world with one great bath.
A mighty '*douche*' from heaven he sent,
The sea a mighty 'plunge-bath' lent,
And Earth 'the treatment' underwent.

Some who have heard of Noah's ark,
Say *he* was cured by *taking bark*;
And thinking water-cure a sham,
He used his bark for curing HAM;
And that his folks, with all their duds,
Rode high and dry above the floods,
And never touched the foaming suds.

But scoffers always do exist,
And when they on their doubts insist,
The best way is — to show your fist.
The real fact is, though they snub,
They took a 'half-bath' in a *floating tub*.

This art, by DEITY invented,
The great Inventor has consented
That Dr. HALL — a man of sense,
Well mingled with benevolence —
On Hampton Round-Hill should dispense
To all the suffering who go *there* to
Be healed of 'ills that flesh is heir to.'

Simple the *modus operandi*;
No need henceforth that any *man* die;
The long-sought, youth-restoring fountain
Is found at last upon this mountain.
That '*Like cures like*,' the principle,
How simple and how beautiful!
For, is your head oppressed with pain?
The cure is — *water on the brain*;
Or do sharp pains assail your breast?
The cure is — *water on the chest*;
Have you a cold from damp sheets caught?
A *dripping-sheet* is straightway brought;
Or cold from falling in a river?
Straight in the 'plunge-bath' you must shiver;
Or has a blow half broke your back?
The 'douche' must give another thwack.

It's 'water, water, every where,'
And quarts to drink, if you can bear:
'Tis well that we are made of clay,
For common *dust* would wash away!

And then '*the pack*!' — what words can show
The aspect of that mummy row,
As down their ranks the attendant goes
To scare a fly, or blow a nose?
No tar e'er lay so snug in bunk,
Or in his narrow cell a monk,
As these folks *pack* the human *trunk*.

That great machine, the human mill,
Is henceforth turned by mountain rill;
The main-spring of the human clock,
The spring that gushes from the rock:
Old ADAM's every son and daughter
Will now for ever *go by water*.

Then let the threatening Allopath
Brandish in rage his sword of lath;
We'll duck him in our coldest bath;
And we will dance around our spring,
And in its waters roses fling,
And with harmonious voice its glories sing.

Round-Hill Water-Cure, Northampton, July 6, 1852.

JOHN HOOKER,

C A N A R S I E .

I LOVE the mountains, those 'waves of the earth,' but still better do I love the waves, those 'mountains of the ocean.' Did you hear that sound, as of distant thunder? It is the billows, as they break upon the shore. Sometimes they startle me, and I think I hear the voices of long-buried friends. But they die away, the whispers go with them; so I snuff my candle, and compose myself again. Yes, I burn candles here; we are in no danger of gas-explosions.

I ramble out upon the beach as the sun goes down. When the golden clouds change to crimson, and the crimson to purple, I go in, sit by my window till the stars come out, then draw a match across my match-box, lest I frighten my hostess by a black streak on the wall, light my candle, (it's not sperm though,) draw up my oaken chair, and muse over the past, calling up vanished forms, reviving faded scenes, and living over again days of gladness, hours of happiness.

Canarsie is a dreary sort of place. You would not like it, but it has a strange fascination for me. Whether it is its loneliness, or the unceasing roar of its ocean-waves, I cannot tell. Certain it is I am here now, have been two weeks, and expect to stay as many more. I know not whether this disconnected bundle of odd thoughts and fancies will entertain you much, for I shall write as I think, without any plot, and quite regardless of the rules of novelists or rhetoricians. I will say but little for myself. You know me, a clever maiden lady, a little given to gossip perhaps, but otherwise quite free from the defects of my class, as I detest a cat, and never try to reconcile quarrelsome lovers. I will not say I am over sixty, so you need not expect very antiquated ideas; nor do I pretend I am under thirty, so surely I am supposed to have some experience in mundane affairs.

I intended to tell you something about Canarsie, that you might know where I am, for no doubt it is to your ears a strange name. One street forms the village; fishermen's cottages and sportsmen's inns form the street on one side, flanked for a considerable distance here and there by splendid groves. There is game in plenty; we hear shots all day. Now, don't imagine that I have turned Amazon, though I still profess a passion for archery. I neither lodge at the 'Sportsman's Hotel,' nor at 'The Raven.' I am domesticated at an old farm-house within a stone's throw from the bay, as quiet as a mouse in your own garret. The farmer likes me pretty well, and lends me Dobbin sometimes for a ride on the beach; Dame Ellen calls me a 'jewel,' because I agree with her that Old Hyson is the only kind of tea people ought to drink; the son, a young collegian, who is *rusticating* at present, terms me a *bas bleu*, (can you believe it?) and Sally, the maid, is only too happy to do me a favor. This won't do; it is getting quite dark; I must light my candle.

There goes the match—it is broken! Do you see it lying upon the white floor? It has not even kindled its own fire. Somehow it reminds me of Lilly Morris. You have never seen her? Well, she was a beautiful creature, as far as bright eyes, glowing cheeks, and chestnut curls go to make beauty. She had a wicked little head, full of all manner of

mischief: she was a coquette. Yes, she had a head, but no heart — not a bit of a heart had pretty Lilly Morris. She was a country girl; but at the time when I knew her, she was on a visit to her city uncle, and like a bird was she in the house from morning till night, so merry and blithesome.

Mr. Morris had one daughter, Louise; a proud girl, and haughty, I ween, as Queen Bess. Louise quite despised her country cousin, with her neat white muslin dress, and Lilly was not long finding it out. Louise was betrothed to a fine young man, a lordly-looking fellow, whose wealth quite equalled her own, and who was her superior in every thing else. Lilly could not rest till she had convinced Louise that a country girl was not entirely devoid of fascinations; so the pretty coquette very artlessly showed off her cousin's dislike to the best advantage, herself appearing meanwhile the meek little aggrieved one she really was. Ashley could not endure this; he despised all vulgar pride and heartlessness. He sought an explanation, which Louise very readily gave. How excited they became! Louise's cheek burned crimson, her proud lip curled scornfully, while Ashley defended the claims of the country cousin. It was broken off; yes, Lilly had broken the match just as surely as that match is broken which lies there on the floor.

But Ashley still called as frequently as ever at Uncle Morris's house, and was as gay as usual too. Sly Cupid had loosened one chain but to rivet another about his heart. He was in love with Lilly Morris, there is no denying it; and she, little rogue, danced about him like a fairy, now all smiles and again all frowns. How many, many times did Ashley try to catch her in a serious mood, to ask one question, only *one*! But it was of no use; she was like a spirit, here, and there, and every where, always weaving webs about him which he could not break. How bright were her features as she returned his witty sallies! How musically did her low, girlish laugh fall on his ear! He heard it all night long; it wooed him to sleep, soothed his dreams, and awoke him in the morning. How could he wish she would be quiet for a moment, when those beguiling eyes were fixed on his in artless witchery, and that glad, free smile was beaming on him? Yet the time did come. Lilly was going away. He besought her to listen to him for one moment; and he caught her hand and asked in a tremulous whisper if she would be his, all his, that he might devote his life to her. She smiled, but it was a serious smile, for she was half frightened, he looked so earnest; then she said with a stare of surprise:

‘I do not love you, Mr. Ashley!’

‘Do not love me! do not love me!’ gasped he, poor fellow, and turned from her with a wretched feeling, as though all the world was blackness, and misery, and falsity, and death. But Lilly laughed on as wilful a coquette as ever. She did not strike a spark within her own breast, not a bit more than did that match upon the floor. And Lilly is not alone.

Crack goes the match: now the blue flame wavers, and now the yellow blaze burns steadily. What a pretty light this uncouth tallow-candle gives me! It shines down so pleasantly upon my pine table, showing the titles of my favorite books which lie in two piles before me. The

bright blaze of the candle is great comfort too. It makes me think of the quiet happiness mutual and fervent love sheds throughout a household. It shadows forth the ever-glad smile of an affectionate wife, who makes her home a little paradise. The clock has struck five: she is waiting for her husband. The great arm-chair is placed before the fire, the slippers which she worked are standing near the chair, and she is walking now to the window to glance along the street, now back to the fire to stir up the sparkling coals, and back again to the window. That is his step. She trips lightly across the parlor to the hall, but he has bounded up the steps and already opened the door. He catches her small white hand, and lovingly kisses her forehead. They enter the parlor: he takes the arm-chair, she sits on the ottoman beside him, gazing up into his fine countenance, as he speaks cheerful words while he holds his hands toward the fire. Seven o'clock comes. How pleasant is the pretty tea-room, so comfortable with its home look! She makes his tea, (he has dined down town,) and he looks at her with the fondest of smiles, thinking himself the happiest of men. And *she* has made him so.

How dim the light grows! I quite forget my happy couple, and involuntarily think of a gloomy pair whom fate has made man and wife. She married him for his money, no doubt, but she sighs as she dusts off the magnificent furniture, work which John has but half done, and seats herself before the grate with a countenance all scowls and frowns. There is no easy chair wheeled up for him when he comes in, no slippers—she never dreamed of working him a pair; and as he crosses the floor her face grows darker and darker.

'I do wish for once you would have a decent fire when I come home, if it were only for the variety of the thing!'

She answers not a word, but slightly curls her pretty lip, (she is a beauty; it was by that she won him,) and taps her foot upon the rug. She sighs presently; he takes out the evening paper and begins to read. Dinner is served. How stiff and formal they are! I can't endure this; so I snuff my candle.

How it sputters and spatters, and darts out little tongues of fire, quite like a vixen of a wife who torments her spouse almost past endurance. She was a widow. Well, James never soiled the floors with his dirty boots; James never banged the doors at such a rate; James never did this nor that, and so forth and so on. Then the husband scolds; she bursts into tears, (tears were always her *dernier ressort* with 'James;') and he struts from the room in a passion. They make up at supper—to enact the same scene on the morrow.

Oh! what a holy thing is pure, earnest, constant love! I know not to whom I am speaking. Perhaps you are old. Does the silver whiten your locks? are your steps unsteady? your eyes dim? Yet you have not forgotten the glad days of your youth! Its scenes come up, how vividly! Do you remember the tremulous voice of the boy with the brown hair and the deep, dark eyes? How earnestly he pleaded his love for you? Yes, his heart was all yours, and he told you so, as he clasped your hand and his arm stole round you, drawing you to him in that first rapturous embrace. He lies yonder in the grave-yard now. That is his stone: how coldly the moon-light shines upon it!

And you, old man! Do you remember those witching eyes, those white arms that wound so lovingly around your neck, and those clustering curls which floated over your shoulder? She was very fair! Yes, I know it. You can never forget, no, never, though she left you very early, and went to lie down with the flowers she loved, by the streamlet's side, in that pleasant grove just back of the house.

Perhaps you are in the prime of life. How earnestly you attend to the household duties, your one study to make home pleasant. The children return from school; you kiss them and tie on clean pinafores, that they may look neat when father comes up from the office. It is yet half an hour. You scarcely know how to while away the time. But Willie brings his ball. 'Please, Mamma!' says the little fellow; and you kiss his forehead, then hasten to mend his pet plaything. Little Sue comes up roguishly, holding in her fat hand *something*, she won't say what; you coax her, and she presents a certificate for good behavior. Dear Mr. Pringle gave it to her just as school was out. It is the first she ever received, for Sue is a merry soul, quite opposed to any thing like order. You lay your hand upon your daughter's head, and begin a lesson on behavior; but Sue is off, out on the lawn, scampering about like mad. Ah! you remember your childhood then, and can't find in your heart the shadow of a reproof.

Father comes home at last. There he is with the children, bounding over the grass-plots, every thing. His great boots have just broken your prettiest dahlia as he leaped over the flower-border, but you can only smile, he seems so happy as he glances slyly up at the piazza to see if you marked his misdemeanor.

The evening comes. The children are both asleep, and you sit quietly by the table sewing while he reads to you. It is a book you used to read together before he led you to the altar. He comes to a passage which he marked for you, and which you both know by heart. He cannot go on; you smile; he flings the book upon the table, catches your hand, and gazes up into your eyes with a look of love even surpassing those of earlier days. Bah! you call him a silly fellow! How rude he is! The needle has brought the blood upon your finger, but he kisses the tiny wound, and it is well again. You remember now when you first were *sure* that he loved you, don't you? The handkerchief is not hemmed to-night.

Perhaps you are a bright young girl. The wind lifts up your sunny hair and bears it back from a high brow, but as you glance at the mirror you have to confess that you are not beautiful. How you wish that you were, if only for his sake! You wonder if he loves you: he has not told you so, but his eyes have said it often. You declare you will not love him first, and steel your little heart against him, put on proud airs, call him Mr. — instead of Chancey, as you are wont to call him, give your bouquet to James, and laugh wickedly when he looks at you reprovingly.

To-morrow at length comes: he is at your feet. Your heart thrills (you have a noble heart, capable of loving truly) as he tells you how long he has wished to ask you to be his, yet durst not. Is not love a holy thing, little maiden?

It is a romantic youth, after all, that I am talking to. There she goes past your window. 'I declare it is time for the mail!' you exclaim, as you fling away your cigar, and in a moment you are walking down Main-street by her side.

You are sure that she loves you! Are you? To-night you meet her at a party. She is freezing cold: worse than that, she is indifferent. How she smiles on your friend! Could he have proved a villain? Has he betrayed your confidence? Is he trying to rob you of her love? No, it cannot be. He is a noble fellow, true as steel. She is a flirt!—there is no denying it.

You rush home, lock yourself in your room, and do not come down to breakfast. To-day when you meet her in the street you do not bow, but pass on as though you did not see her pretty straw-bonnet with its blue trimmings, which you admired so much yesterday. You have vowed never to speak to her again, and never to believe again in woman. You become a real woman-hater. The bachelors hail you brother, and your sisters rest confident that they shall have you for a beau till they are all married, down to Emma, the child in short dresses.

But *she* grows pale. You hear her cough in church sometimes. If you thought you had forgotten her you were mistaken, for you cannot bear this. The moon-light shines upon the porch where she is sitting. She is alone. You cannot resist the temptation; you open the wicket-gate, and walk up the gravel path.

'Fanny?' you say. She starts forward trembling like a leaf. You catch her hand and press your lips upon it, while the full tide of love rushes over your soul again, stronger than ever. There is an explanation. Some one told her of an unkind word you had spoken; indeed, it was an ungentlemanly remark: she scorned that, it hurt her too, and to hide her chagrin she confesses she did flirt a little with your friend. Of course the report was false; she knows it now, and forgives your waywardness, while you think her lovelier, sweeter, dearer than ever. She detests smoking: you give all your cigars (choice ones they are too) to your friend. She trembles when she sees you kiss the ruby wine-cup and gaily drain the bowl. (Is she a prude?) You promise her you will never touch wine again! You live only for her: what is the world's opinion! Did you ever think you could love thus? Is not this the very wealth of happiness?

My candle is going out. The flame wavers, and flashes, then dies. So fade my fancies of heart-histories; the bright forms I had conjured up vanish with the blaze, and I am left alone again. Alone! alone! The word echoes in my heart. I hastily summon my friends to bear me company, but the grave will not give up its dead, nor the wide seas part to let those far-off ones come to me. The summer breeze plays in the branches, the waves sport with the foam, the stars smile on the nodding flowers: every thing in nature has a friend. I had a friend too once, but her heart is another's now, and she far over the seas. A sister too was mine, but her monument dots our burial-lot in the R—— cemetery. And my brother! he is in distant climes. I hear his light laugh no more, save as it echoes from those joyous hours of long ago. How it used to ring through the house! Hark! I hear it topping the

commingled murmur of the winds and waves even here at lonely
Canarsie.

'I KNOW there are in this rude world
Who share these dreams of pure delight ;
But fate has parted from my path
The few who'd read my heart aright.'

L I N E S : ' R E S T . '

BY W. H. C. HOSEMER

A FEW rods from the barrier-gate of Fort Niagara is the burying-ground. It is filled with memorials of the mutability of human life, and over the portals of entrance is painted in large and emphatic characters the word, ' Rest !'

EARTH, upon her ample face,
Boasts no sweeter burial-place
Than a small enclosure green
Near an ancient fortress seen :
Mossy head-stones, here and there,
Names of fallen warriors bear ;
But no eulogistic phrase,
Cut on rock to charm the gaze,
Can our reverence command
Like that brief inscription grand
On the portal arch impressed —
' Rest !'

River wide and mighty lake
For the dead an anthem wake ;
And with old forgotten graves,
Well comports the wash of waves.
Motto of the hallowed ground,
Murmuring with solemn sound :
Birds that by, like spirits, pass,
Winds that murmur in the grass,
Seem repeating evermore
That *one* word the gateway o'er,
(Word that haunts a troubled breast,)
' Rest !'

Pilgrim, for a moment wait
Near the narrow entrance-gate :
And one word peruse — no more —
Boldly traced the portal o'er :
Mortal heart was never stirred
By a more emphatic word ;
One with deeper meaning fraught,
Or the power to quicken thought ;
Sermon, hymn and funeral lay,
Eloquence the soul to sway,
In four letters are compressed —
' Rest !'

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE LOFTY AND THE LOWLY. By MARIA J. McINTOSH. In two volumes: pp. 489. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

ANOTHER work by this writer has found its way to our table, and gone forth to the world, soothing and strengthening in its true womanly office. It bears another title, in addition to the one we have given, as a sort of 'alias' to a person's name, by which he strives to win entrance to places from which he would be barred when his real name has fallen into disrepute; but this duty is unnecessary where the proper name bears the endorsement of this well-known author. The scene of the romance is laid alternately in Georgia and Massachusetts, and is made to illustrate the difference between these two great divisions of our country; the difference in the character of their people, and the causes leading to, and the remedies proper for, their opposition of character, habits and opinions. And yet, even at a moment when the drama, the press, and discussion are busy with the slave institutions of the South, the subject barely comes under the notice of the writer, and her attention seems to be directed more at other and more fundamental causes that operate in forming the Northerner and Southerner; and still over all the discussion, whether it is from a mutual love for her two homes, or a Christian charity where 'there is none that is perfect,' there breathes through all the work the feeling of the truth of the Psalmist: 'The North and the South, Thou hast created them.'

The hero of the book (and by 'hero' we mean the person whom the writer has invested with the chief interest of the work, and in whom evidently she has embodied her ideal) is a young manufacturer, by the name of ROBERT GRAHAME. He is the standard of a North man. His person, as described in the work, 'though not above the middle height, exhibited in its proportions more of easy dignity, and even of command, than any on which he had ever looked. On the broad brow, which the riding-cap left wholly uncovered, there sat a kingly majesty; while the determination of the firmly-closed lips was softened by the milder expression of the earnest dark-gray eyes. There was power, wonderful power in that face; but to a close observer it would have seemed the power rather of endurance than of action.' As to character, the following conversation between DONALD MONTROSE, of Georgia, and MARY GRAHAME, sister of ROBERT, will show its worth, as well as DONALD's estimate thereof:

'BUT DONALD is disturbed from his reverie, and we from our examination, by the entrance of a girl, who, though she has seen but twenty summers, has already exchanged the gayety of very

early youth for the graver expression and more staid manner which usually accompany matronly cares.

'DONALD's eyes, still languid from recent illness, brighten into a smile, as he says, 'Your hour has seemed to me a very long one. I have been so spoiled since my illness, that I grow weary even of this beautiful view without some one beside me to whom I may say how beautiful it is.'

'I am sorry ROBERT could not have remained longer with you to-day, but I will do my best to supply his place. Shall I read to you?'

'DONALD playfully held back the book she would have taken from him, as he said, 'I would rather you should talk with me, if you please.'

'My pleasure will depend somewhat on the subject you choose,' answered the lady, readily adopting his easy, playful tone.

'What if I should make a recantation to you of some opinions hitherto held as a part of my creed?'

'If the opinions were false, I will receive the recantation with pleasure.'

'False they certainly were, for I believed that most of those who lived north of the Potomac, and all the inhabitants of the New-England States, were Yankees.'

'Well, we are Yankees; or descendants, at least, of those to whom the Indians gave the name *Yenghese*,' said the lady.

'Ah!' exclaimed DONALD, 'but with us of the South the name has a very different meaning; it marks not a geographical, or national, but a moral distinction. By Yankee we mean—I am ashamed to tell you what we mean, now that I have ascertained how far it is from the truth.'

'Pray let me hear; how else can I have your recantation? The greater were your prejudices, the higher glory will it be for us to have overcome them.'

'Overcome them! How could I maintain them, having once known your brother?'

'Ah! but you must beware of falling into an opposite error, as you assuredly will, should you take ROBERT as a type of the Yankee race.'

'He is at least the possibility of a Yankee.'

'And is he not also the possibility of a Southerner?'

'I think not. I almost fear to tell you why, lest you should suspect me of impertinence, where I feel most admiringly.'

'Do not be apprehensive. I should not easily suspect impertinence when ROBERT was the subject.' She spoke with a proud significance.

'You are right; the firmness of your brother's adherence to principle may awaken dislike, but there is nothing about him on which contempt could feed.'

'Thank you,' she replied, while her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew moist with pleasure.

'But why do you think such qualities as his impossible to a Southerner? Surely, you are not such a renegade as to think any thing noble beyond their attainment.'

'She spoke jestingly, and he began to answer in the same tone, but grew more serious as he proceeded.

'Certainly not! They are all Chevalier BAYARDS incog.; but they could not, I fear, exhibit the dignity and courtesy, and, as I have good reason to know, the heroism of a Chevalier BAYARD in the person of—may I say it?—a manufacturer and mechanic.'

'Why should you hesitate to say it? The dignity, the courtesy and heroism are inherent in my brother's nature; the manufacturing and mechanics are adventitious circumstances, which neither make nor mar that nature.'

'True; yet he must have had some affinity with these to have chosen them. It was a choice no Southerner would have made.'

'And are you Southerners always able to choose your own mode of life? Is it never forced on you by circumstances?'

'A life of ignoble labor on a gentleman of education and refinement? Never!'

'Ignoble labor! and what makes labor ignoble? Has it never been companioned by high and pure thoughts? Or is it this particular form of labor to which you object—mechanics and manufacturing? the first the power by which we subdue nature to our will, the last the application of that power to procure comfort and wealth for thousands. Are these ignoble?'

'Indignant emphasis was in her tones, and her features, usually cold in their expression, quivered with excitement. For the first time DONALD thought her beautiful, and in admiration of the enthusiasm thus unveiled, forgot the painful character of the emotion he was exciting, and without an apology pursued the subject.'

'Not ignoble in their principles, certainly.'

'And in their practice?'

'Must they not, in our present social arrangements, force us into degrading associations?'

'No: if we are brought into such associations, it must be by our own will, though we strive to lay our sin on that great modern scape-goat—society. But one example is better than twenty arguments: you must see ROBERT in his work—amidst these *degrading associations*. You will find him occupying a position of influence, a ruler and guide to many, and availing himself of this position only for good. Around him are some who came to him untutored clods, fitted at best for expert machines, into whom he has infused intelligent souls, and whose aspirations he has directed heavenward. These are his degrading associations; this his ignoble life.'

'I have displeased you, and ought to apologize; yet I can scarcely say, with truth, I am sorry for that which has made you so eloquent.'

'Pardon me, I have been too warm!' she said, recalled to herself by his observation; then, after a moment's pause, she added, 'I should have remembered that ROBERT himself once felt as you do. The greatest sacrifice of his life was made when he entered on his present career, but that was in his boyhood; he has learned since then, and will yet teach the world, that a noble spirit can find its appropriate aliment and exercise in a life of labor, if the labor be undertaken for noble ends.'

Upon this point is directed all the force of the author's reasoning; and a con-

trast is drawn between the family of the broken-down manufacturer at the North, who not only resuscitates his own fortune, and adds to his own happiness by a life of steady labor and duty, but also draws up from the brink of destruction the Southern family, who are at the same time scorning the labor that was the means of their salvation. Throwing aside their position of slaveholders, our friend goes farther to show the whole falsity of a position which now has its only strong-hold on the plantation of the South, 'that labor is degrading;' a position that has incapacitated them from serving themselves for long years, and made them children to be carried and served by grown men; and farther still, that economy, the accumulation of money, and the even regulation of receipts and expenditures, is a littleness only fit for a lower order — 'only fit for traders.' It is natural that men living under a genial clime, and on a soil that produces a valuable crop, should prefer its agriculture to other business. But on this very foundation has grown an evil whose enormity absolutely blinds the eyes of those possessed, that they may not see it. The boy receives the idea at his mother's knee that he will be a gentleman; this word means here freedom from labor. Every precept that he hears at the family-board instils deeper the principle. His studies are all directed into that channel, and he gradually grows to the age of manhood. What avenues are opened to his pursuit? The Navy, the Army, Politics, and Law too, are admitted as honorable; but this last demands a careful business education, which he discovers he does not possess. In these avenues he constantly stands high in rank and fame: but are these the occupations which bless the boy with retroactive power; that enrich his country; which build his rail-roads, teach his slaves, manufacture his wool, build his ships, freight his cotton; that bind his State with girdles of iron, fire, steam, and trade, which, like streams, irrigate, enrich, sow, and cause to bear fruit, all the land which they traverse? In none of these practical paths will he walk; but with a bitter scorn speaks of his brother who treads therein, and complains of his growing wealth, that battens on gentle blood. But farther does he carry the feeling that has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. If he loves not the trader, he likes not the accounts that savor of trade: if he dislikes all commerce, he hates the calculations upon which it is founded. Every thing is easier than work; nothing so tiresome as computations; and economy, based upon profit and loss, upon receipts and expenditures, is identical with meanness.

Now what is the effect of this system? The young gentleman turns to sports which, if questionable in one sense, are at least not ungentlemanly; planting, hunting, gaming, and hospitalities fill his time. He is waited upon at bed and board, at home and abroad. Nothing he makes, nothing he improves; every thing he buys. His slaves are fed on pork that was raised in Ohio, and clothed in woollens made at Lowell. Boston men ship his cotton to Europe, New-York merchants sell it, and supply his wants with foreign goods. He is educated by a Connecticut school-master; when he grows to manhood, he is supplied by a Vermont pedlar; and when he dies, and is buried under the canopy of waving moss that covers his family burying-spot, he is at last beyond the want of those necessities without which he could not live, and which his high code of honor forbade him to make.

Here lies the mistake. The slavery is not the absolute cause of the backwardness of a country rich in soil and gentle in climate. The same institution at the North would neither hinder manufactures or commerce, nor stop the small-

est branch of industry. Neither is it the clime that makes two people, the one warm of blood, delicate and listless, and the other active and tireless. For it is the Northerner who goes to the South and schemes and labors; gains, improves, blesses, and dies rich. But beyond the black waiter and the tropical clime, there is a feeling that pleads these as a barrier to exertion, and a public opinion, false as it is disastrous to all whom it influences, that stamps the artisan, the trader, and the manufacturer as base money-getters. Forgetting that making is man's first work, they lose sight that the worker is a creator, and God's first work the creation.

'The Lofty and the Lowly' treats also of more feminine principles than labor and trade. The author of 'Woman in America' is the expounder of no low standard of female excellence; and no matter to what phase of female character she turns her pen, the description is true and searching, and the ideal to which she points high and self-denying. As an instance of clear description of human passion and its interpretation, the following description of doubt and jealousy is a good example:

'PERFECT love casteth out fear,' saith the Book of Wisdom. We think the converse of this proposition is also true, and that in just so far as we fear, we cease to love. Think of this, ye who, loving fondly and truly, would yet constrain those you love by fear of the clouded brow, the sharp rebuke, the coldly sullen manner, or, worst of all fears to a generous spirit, the fear of inflicting pain on super-sensitive feelings. Would you know the signs of the decay of affections produced by such means, recognize them in the anxious eye of your friend, no longer confident of kind interpretation; in the solicitous manner, studious to avoid all that could displease, and to surround you, at whatever expense to himself or others, with gratifications; in the resolution which endures all in silence, rather than cast the lightest shadow on your sky. It is true, that in all this fear mimics love, but, like most mimics, it caricatures the original. It is true, too, that only those whom we love have the power to inspire such fear; but it is no less true, that they must choose between the two modes of influence; for where the spirit of love is, there must be liberty.'

Following out the narrative of the work, we find that all the characters of any note in this book most appropriately achieve the consummation of female hope; and that DONALD, CHARLES, WHARTON, and GRAHAME all marry each other's sisters, and produce a family that will puzzle the most learned of genealogists. In truth, the North and the South on the pages of Romance have been so inter-married, that could that effect be realized in life, it would do away with many a cruel speculation of future disagreement. And should every print that comes before the public be tinted with so many of those warm shades of affection; could every romance speak so freely of the faults of North and South, and with such an even-handed praise—'in each the right, in each the wrong condemn'—truly the evil day when harsh words should pass between brothers would be removed far away. Let no man, reared under one climate and system, say to another, 'I am better than thou.' But rather let him of the stern business habits, the economist, and the worker, go to the open hearth and the free heart of his brother, and learn that life is not all a labor. And let him of the warmer land receive from the restless activity of the North an impulse to exertion, and to the democracy of labor, that will raise him to an independence among men. For who is there among us, be it the author who wins us to love, or the critic who praises or condemns, who, having sat a welcome guest at the boards of those who live beyond the Potomac, or having shared the settler's cabin by the Illinois, has not learned that there is no North, no South, no East nor no West: nothing but ONE COUNTRY?

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. In one volume: pp. 118. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

THE publishers of these latest productions of one among the most spirited and vigorous of our younger American poets are doing good service to the public in the frequent issue of works similar in kind and merit. Poetry, whatever it may be with other publishers, seems never to be 'a drug' with this house. Moreover, they grow fat upon these enterprises, as the oft-repeated editions of LONGFELLOW and his compeers sufficiently attest. Now all this is encouraging, and makes us more hopeful of that 'good time coming,' when our young writers will have a 'fair chance' in the literary arena; when, if there be any thing in them, there shall not be lacking opportunity for it to 'come out' before the world. There is a great variety in this volume, small though it be, both in subject and mode of treatment; and a high order of thought is every where apparent. We have so little space for extracts, that we are compelled to content ourselves with the following inconsecutive passages from a thoughtful poem entitled '*Questions of Life*:'

'I AM: how little more I know!
Whence came I? Whither do I go?
A centred self, which feels and is;
A cry between the silences;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life;
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the future from the past;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

'Through the vastness, arching all,
I see the great stars rise and fall;
The rounding seasons come and go,
The tided oceans ebb and flow;
The tokens of a central force,
Whose circles, in their widening course,
O'erlap and move the universe:
The workings of the law whence springs
The rhythmic harmony of things,
Which shapes in earth the darkling spar,
And orbs in heaven the morning-star.
Of all I see in earth and sky —
Star, flower, beast, bird — what part have I?
This conscious life — is it the same
Which thrills the universal frame,
Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,
And mounts the sap from forest roots;
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells
When Spring makes green her native dells?
How feels the stone the pang of birth,
Which brings its sparkling prism forth;
The forest-tree the throb which gives
The life-blood to its new-born leaves?
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,
Life's many-folded mystery —
The wonder which it is TO BE?
Or stand I severed and distinct,
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?
Allied to all, yet not the less
Prisoned in separate consciousness;

Alone o'erburdened with a sense
Of life, and cause, and consequence?

'In vain to me the Sphinx propounds
The riddle of her sights and sounds;
Back still the vaulted mystery gives
The echoed question it receives.
What sings the brook? What oracle
Is in the pine-tree's organ-swell?
What may the wind's low burden be?
The meaning of the moaning sea?
The hieroglyphics of the stars?
Or clouded sun-set's crimson bars?
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill
The trick of Nature's cipher sill.

'HERE let me pause, my quest forego;
Enough for me to feel and know
That HE in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend;
Who, girt with his immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees
Small as the clustered Pleiades;
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,
But waves the spring-time's grassy spires;
Guards not arch-angel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own;
Speaks not alone the words of fate
Which worlds destroy and worlds create;
But whispers in my spirit's ear,
In tones of love, or warning fear,
A language none beside may hear.

'To HIM, from wanderings long and wild,
I come, an over-weary'd child,
In cool and shade His peace to find,
Like dew-fall settling on my mind,
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest.'

It seems to us that the older WHITTIER grows, the more vivid is his imagination, and the more striking his power of making it fruitful of felicitous and faithful pictures on the printed page. His style is always plain; his meaning always clear; and the melody of his rhythm is faultless. We commend his beautiful volume to a cordial acceptance.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS, AND OTHER POEMS. By JAMES LINEN. In one volume: pp. 167. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

It does not need that we should indicate very particularly to our readers the character of the contents of this well-executed book; for a large portion of the volume was originally written for the *KNICKERBOCKER*, under the signature of the author. The opening series of poems, 'The Peasant's Songs of the Seasons' and the 'Ballads of Mexico,' appeared but recently in these pages. The reader will especially remember the last of the first-named series, the 'Song to Winter.' The distinguishing characteristics of Mr. LINEN's verse are simplicity, and homely, honest feeling. The poems in the Scottish dialect, contained in the book, have been more generally commended by our contemporaries. But we cannot help thinking that too much importance is often attached to the national dialect in verse-making. We agree with the editor of the '*Albion*,' that to substitute 'sair' for sore, 'mair' for more, and 'a' for all, does not embody the charm. 'A way of testing this is, to strip the dialect entirely away, and let the thought stand on its own merits, in broad, plain English. Then, if there be any poetry, we shall see it; and if there be not, we shall see the value of words. BURNS and the best Scotch poets will bear this test, and come out like refined gold.' But Mr. LINEN's Muse, as he himself says, is somewhat capricious; being sometimes grave, sometimes gay, and occasionally inclined to be satirical; and surely she has a right to choose her own mode of giving forth her 'utterances.' The volume is dedicated, in a few well-chosen words, to our esteemed friend and correspondent, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION. By REV. S. D. BURCHARD, D. D. In one volume: pp. 355. New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR.

'THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION' are Scripture narratives, drawn from the Old Testament and the New, placed in chronological order, and designed to furnish an outline of Biblical history, especially as relating, remotely or directly, to the family, advent and mission of the SAVIOUR. In Mr. BURCHARD's hands the pictures are presented with renewed freshness and effect, directly from the pages of the BIBLE; concerning which he very justly remarks: 'One attractive characteristic of all the portraits of Scripture is, that they are true to nature. There is no exaggeration, no fictitious painting. Women are seen as *women*, with all the frailties and all the excellences of their sex. It speaks of good women, and heroic, but it makes no attempt to show them better or more heroic than they were. It does not conceal their faults; it freely states their infirmities. This gives not only great value, but great individuality, to the portraits of the BIBLE. They take a firm hold both of the imagination and the memory. They have long since ceased to live upon the earth, yet their history is so life-like that their image lingers with us still, and their very looks and tones seem like old familiar faces and voices.' This is well and truly said; and our author has shown, in his own labors in transferring the portraits from the sacred pages to his own, how thoroughly he has studied them. The subjects are thirteen in number, beginning with SARAH and ending with MARY MAGDALENE. Each character is represented by a fine engraving on steel.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LETTERS FROM 'UP THE RIVER' are attracting, from the public and the public press, the admiration and commendation which their great merits demand. What a correspondent at the 'City of Elms' says, elsewhere in the present number, of these 'Letters,' is as richly deserved as it is heartily bestowed. The writer is indeed an artist and paints rare pictures with his facile pen.

— *'Up the River, January, 1853.*

'I LIKE to look out of the window over the corn-fields, and see the black phalanx of crows wheeling through the misty air, and laboriously, with a slow regularity of movement, flapping their ebon plumes. They go in discordant companies, helter-skelter; some high, some low; some hovering over the near corn-stack, others just appearing in sight over the mountain-crests: how different from the graceful wavelet, the orderly procession of geese, or long-necked swans, which are seen like a line of Dr. ANTHON'S manuscript in the sky! There is no order about them: every crow for himself, and let those who come last feed at the side-table. 'Caw! caw! caw!' This sound, so discordant, seems to me like the cry of famine in mid-air in a desolate land.

'The forage must be poor enough. The fat earth-worm lies low down beneath the frozen clod, turned up no longer by the garden-spade, and unattainable by the pick-axe; the grubs have vanished from the waving corn; the winged insects of summer no more find their sepulchre in the red throats of birds; while every vestige of food is buried deep under the winter snows and slabs of solid ice. The base of the pyramidal corn-stacks may yield a few grains, and some carrion by the way-side some choice picking; otherwise it fares ill with the old crow. Although he wears a respectable suit of black, yet how he lives God knows, 'Who feedeth the young ravens when they cry.' I am acquainted with a rookery on Long-Island, where myriads of crows come home to roost every night. By break of day, with immense cawing and preliminary flappings, they move off to the sea-shore to pay a visit to the gulls, the cranes, the old-wives, the loons, the coots, the devil-divers, the wild duck, and tetering snipe, and to gorge their stomachs with the soft-shelled clams. Toward sun-down they go back to LLOYD'S Neck in black clouds, which darken the air; and as they bungle about, and jostle each other in the grove, the dead limbs crackle as if shaken by a north-east storm; while the noise which they make in settling down, their vociferous barter in the exchange of roostings, the shower of dry sticks and

rubbish, and the almost articulate talk of the airy bed-fellows before they sleep, saying:

'Caw — caw — cawn — aw' — cawn — awn — awn'n.
Aw — yaw — gaw'n — awrt'r — corn — awn'e — mawn'n ?'
'Are — you — going — after — corn — in the — morning ?'

are really — 'wunnerful.'

'At last they put their heads under their wings, while the still blacker bed-quilt of the night tucks them in and is drawn over them. Great is the consternation of the birds if startled in their sleep by the explosion of mischievous artillery. For if the guests at LLOYD'S Manor, or a boat's crew from the yacht in Huntington Harbor, choose to make a nocturnal visit to blow off their fowling-pieces in the grove, 'my sakes a-massy!' how the black down does fly! Roused out of their carrion-pictured dreams, they wheel in contracted circles; they tottle about in the dark, fly plump against each other, and crack their bills together, and get their plumes interlocked at the thighs, while the whole phalanx is staggered and becomes confused. This is unfair play, O ye guests of the Manor, and O ye sailors from the yacht! To come within gun-shot of JACOBUS Crow by day-light, requires a sneaking erudition, not easily attained. After you have crept along the hedge in the most humbly-crouching position, say for a quarter of a mile, and are within a hundred yards of the spot from which you think it would be judicious to take a crack, you will see the sentinel-bird, who stands ready to sound the alarum in good time, slowly set his wings in motion, as when the wheels of a steam-boat take their preliminary turns, and off he flops, with a 'caw! caw!' repeated on all hands by the black guards. Such is the nature of these feathered negroes, these Africans of the air, who, as regards colonizing, have a constitution and by-laws of their own, lest the breed of crows should run out, and jet-black should become an unknown color in a tawdry world. In vain, then, are those cast-off breeches stuffed with straw, and those old coats, out at the elbows, stuck up in the middle of the fields, to be a bug-a-boo to the younglings, and rob the crows of the hungry of a few germinating grains. It is, beside, a moot-point whether the exterminating policy be not bad for the corn, because the question lies in the kernel, and concerns the respective destructiveness of carrion-crow, green worm, and old grub. So many woodpeckers have been shot off since the invention of percussion-caps, and so many indeed of all the flighty tribe who delve in the wormy barks, that fruit-trees languish, and all the crops are affected with blight. I take it for granted that a man is seized of the fee-simple of his birds as well as of his land, and I should bring an action for trespass against any one who took the life of my wood-peckers or my crows. For myself, I would not aim a gun at a crow, for fear that I should miss the mark in more senses than one, and that he should 'wheel about' upon me, enveloped with smoke and stunned with noise, with the somewhat harsh sarcasm of 'xaw! xaw!'

'The other day, after visiting a maimed man, I fell in with a poor young crow, wounded in one wing, and skipping in a lop-sided manner on the skirts of a hedge, I caught him, after a hard chase over the stubble-fields, intending to take him home and instruct him in the first rudiments of the Saxon tongue. I thought that he could make the green parrot blush for his elocution; and in case his progress were respectable, I would christen him McCaw; after which I would be a ROLAND for an OLIVER, should any one shoot my McCaw. But he had imbibed notions of abolition in his own free element, or perhaps from hovering

around the confines of Uncle Tom's Cabin. He clutched my breast and picked my hands with the ferocity of a young vulture; and when I set him down, such an overturning did he make among the tin-kettles and cullenders of the kitchen, that I opened the door and turned him loose upon the 'wide, wide world.' O thou recuperative Nature, bind up his wounds!

'Exceedingly picturesque in the winter landscape is the crow sitting on the leafless bough of the hoary oak, (itself a striking object in the scene,) when the ground is covered with a mantle of the chastest snow. He is at present almost the only bird we have; nor is his voice, though harsh, untimely, now that the mellow songsters of the grove are hushed. For when welcome BLUE-BIRD comes no more to greet the early spring, nor skimming SWALLOW flits before the door; when ROBIN RED-BREAST has ceased to chant his roundelay, and CHIRP-BIRD to gather crumbs upon the walk; when the small WREN has flitted from his accustomed nest, leaving the dry straw within the roofed and windowed house in which two rival architectures have been combined; when THROUSH departs, and BOBOLINK has trilled his parting strain, and the gay LARK no more sings upward toward the sun; and when the summer sky no longer blossoms with the wings of butterflies, and all the pictured fleet of little rovers have sailed away to cruise in warmer gulf-streams of the aerial latitudes, cutting the thin wave of the navigable air, welcome, ye black unmitigated plumes, combed into smoothness by the sharp-toothed winds, glossy in the light of the slant December sun! O thou most suitable adjunct of bleakness, statuesque Crow! carved as from a chunk of that material Egyptian darkness which could be felt! I sometimes think of one who inscribed a poem with a quill plucked from the Raven's wing, writing with supra-mortal eloquence, his spirit veloped in majestic, solemn gloom, as of the spirit-land. EDGAR! thou art in the world of shades:



'JACOBUS Crow likes to stray away from his flock by twilight, and be alone. I have seen him at that hour on the top of a corn-stack, (with perhaps a group of his fellows on an adjacent tree, dotting a limb as with black blossoms,) or on the off-shoots of a decaying stump, on a twig of which a little round screech-owl has just hopped, while the barn-yard fowls have perched for the night upon its lateral branches; looking about on the cold scene, as if reflecting on the immortality of a crow's soul. Undisturbed by the tinkling sleigh-bells, he stands motionless in his reverie. It is the time to be filled with solemn thought. Dark-

ness is creeping on, and shadow is overlapped with thickening shadow. Hard by, in the farm-yard, the ruminating cow is chewing I know not what cud of reflection. Owl and Crow appear to commune together:

"Can you see?" says AFRICANUS.

"My eyes! yes: that is my vocation."

"Can you tell me, by-and-by, from the brocade of the night?"

"No answer."

"Speak, ULUL, and join me in a bit of psalmody for the benefit of yon farmhouse, before the curtain of the night comes down."

"Tu-whit! tu-whoo! Tu-whit-tu-whoo!"

"Caw! Caw! Caw! Caw!" *Exeunt omnes.*

"Come, friends, this is 'Bleak-House' to-night, so far as the outward aspect is concerned. The winds howl—the roof is covered with snow. Gather round the stove-pipe, and while you sip a little of this hot-spiced cider, and partake of this popped-corn, these nuts, and pippins of an approved juice, I will tell you a story, called

Vanderdonk:

A LEGEND OF CROW-HILL.

"Far back in the misty period of an heroic age, there lived upon the summit of the Crow-Hill an honest Dutchman, entitled VANDERDONK. He bought the spot, with all its rugged acres and stubborn glebe, with guilders earned by hard tugging in the Father-land. But the Dutch guilders were by no means buried without interest in the vaults of this rocky bank. The golden grain waved year after year upon the sloping hill-sides, and by the time that his belly became portly, VANDERDONK had become rich. He minded his own business, and seldom spoke except when spoken to, and then in grunting affirmative, 'Yaw, yaw.' He was the picture of dogged resolution, as he was seen in relief over against the sky on Crow-Hill; whacking with a long goad the frontal bones of the thick-kneed oxen—always slowly plodding, but surely gaining. The shadow of his capacious barns swallowed up his snug little house, which was all kitchen. For he had a fancy to eke out barns with hovels, and hovels with long sheds, making a sunny court, or hollow square, wherein a multitude of chickens ransacked the chaff at the heels of the thoughtful kine. It was astonishing by what slow, and just, and imperceptible degrees his riches grew. For it was scarcely noticed when he drove in an additional nail, or extended an enclosure, till all at once the neighbors, looking upon the circumvallation about Crow-Hill, opened their eyes, as if awakened from a dream, and exclaimed, 'He's rich!'

"Behold him, then, at the height of prosperity, while all around his harvests waved; his cabbages were marshalled in rows and compact regiments; his cattle lowed; his hens cackled; his ducks clucked; his pigeons cooed. Poor VANDERDONK!

"HONNES had an only son named DERRICK, a half-crazy, half-idiotic, queer boy, who could not be trained up to follow the plough-share, and did exactly as he pleased. As he verged toward his majority, and showed no signs of advance in intellect, but rather received reinforcement of the queer devils by which he was occasionally possessed, his future prospects occupied no small portion of the reflecting moments of VANDERDONK, as he smoked his evening pipe on the porch. He and his wife were beginning to be well stricken in years. What should he do with Crow-Hill, and to whom devise his estate in trust for his son, who was

totally unfit to manage his affairs? When this thought had given HANS sufficient perplexity for the time being, he filled up another pipe, and got rid of the subject by thinking—of nothing. Now this boy brought him into sad trouble at this period, by an unfortunate adventure, which I shall relate:

'Among the flocks of crows which wheeled incessantly, in summer and winter, above his dominion, and from which 'Crow-Hill' derived its name, HANS waged a continual war. A hundred bits of tin, wood, and looking-glass fluttered at the ends of long strings, attached to poles, in the corn-fields. Numerous scare-crows were set up, as horrible as could be invented by the imagination of HANS. Moreover, as occasion offered, he made a successful shot with a long gun with a big-flinted, queer lock, which had belonged to his grand-father in Holland, and had descended to him as an heir-loom. Sometimes he made the crows drunk on corn soaked in whiskey, and as they reeled about the hillocks, knocked them on the head.

'But there was one crow, almost white, and said to be a century old, held sacred by the neighbors as an Egyptian Ibis. He walked almost undistinguished among the pigeons, by which association his nature had become tamed, and his harsh *caw* was at last modified into a melting *coo*. The neighbors had frequently said, 'VANDERDONK, don't shoot that bird,' and HONNES religiously obeyed the mandate, and regarded his guest with a partial eye; for he had been told that ill-luck would be sure to attend him the moment that he meditated the destruction of the crow. The sentiment of superstition is not the offspring of stolidity, but he resolved to be on the safe side, while his wife treated the bird with a religious respect. This ancient visitor, whom the very king-birds forbore to pick at, out of veneration, was known by the familiar name of JIMMY, and happy was he who in a cold winter would put in his way a few liberal handfuls of corn.

'One day, DERRICK, in one of his wild moods, took the long gun from the corner of the kitchen and strayed away. He did not return at high noon to get his dinner, but toward sun-down, just as the old woman had come from milking the cows, he burst into the house with a loud laugh, violently struck the butt-end of the gun on the floor, rammed his hand into his pockets, filled with mot-tled feathers, and threw the dead JIMMY into his mother's lap. The good wife lifted up her skinny hands, while the very borders of her cap stood out with horror. Petrified for a moment, she sat still in the high-backed chair; then spilling the bleeding bird out of her lap, and rising in a rage, she pointed with her finger alternately at the victim and the guilty DERRICK, as HONNES, returning from his evening work and seeing what had been done, crooked his right arm, partially closed his fist, and aimed a violent blow at his son's ear.

'When the people had been informed of the massacre accomplished by DERRICK, they exclaimed, 'O Bub! what have you done? You have shot JIMMY! We would not stand in your shoes for all the coin that your mother has in her stocking; no, not for Crow-Hill!' But DICK only grinned and giggled, and appeared pleased with his exploit.

'As for VANDERDONK, on the occasion aforesaid, so soon as he had somewhat recovered from his excitement, he took up JIMMY by the legs, dug a deep hole, and buried him in the garden, exclaiming, as he resumed his seat and re-loaded his pipe, 'Bad lug! bad lug!' In fact, that very night the worthy couple had scarce retired, when a loud cawing was heard through the house, and soon after, to their inexpressible horror, they observed by the light of the moon the old crow perched upon the bed-post. VANDERDONK rose from his bed and attempted

to reach him with the handle of a broom-stick, but only struck the unresisting air. The image still remained, and it repeatedly opened its mouth, crying pathetically, 'Caw! caw!' while the ring-doves and pigeons under the eaves uttered all night an ululating lamentation. 'Bad lug! bad lug!' repeated HANS, covering up his head with the clothes. And assuredly bad luck presently overtook him. The next spring, soon after he had planted his crops, it was announced to him one day that all the crows in the neighborhood were pulling up his corn, without any regard to his signals. He went out, and with one discharge of his long gun drove them all away. Soon after, DERRICK was missing, and he went out with a stout stick to thrash him on his way home. In vain he sought him at the road-side ale-house, and at all his accustomed haunts. Then he wandered over his own domains, and just as he had ascended a peak of Crow-Hill, a singular omen met his eye. He saw DERRICK running out of the woods, his hat off his hair streaming in the winds, hotly pursued by a whole flock of crows. They hovered about the boy's head and picked at him in the rear. VANDERDONK flew to the rescue; he laid about him furiously with the stick which he had taken to whip DERRICK, but was obliged to give up the attack and join the boy in his flight. They hurried over the fields; they leaped the fences and emerged into the highway, taking the nearest path to their home. There all the little boys, rushing out of school, flung their caps in the air, and joined in a hue-and-cry: 'There they go! See 'em! see 'em! Caw! caw! VANDERDONK! VANDERDONK!' and all the windows were thrown up, and the old women lifted their hands and exclaimed, 'My sakes alive!' Arrived within-doors, the fugitives sat down breathless, well-nigh frightened out of their wits, while all the noisy flock continued to pick at the windows and invest the house. From this time HONNES hardly held up his head, but became dogged and morose to the end of his life, still grunting at intervals as he shook his head, 'Bad lug! bad lug!' In the garden where he had buried the bird, stramonium, and burdock, and villanous weeds grew up, with inconceivable luxuriance and rancor. Wherever he planted any thing, white JIMMY led on the hungry harpies, and neither scare-crows nor his long gun availed him any thing. As to DERRICK, he screamed habitually in his dreams, and the spectre of the murdered bird continued to reappear. Whether the house was ever exorcised by the visits of the Dominie, has not been handed down; but a reverence for old age is to this day inculcated in the school-houses of Crow-Hill by the Legend of VANDERDONK.

'F. W. S.'

CONTROVERTED AUTHORSHIP. — 'The veritable 'BON GAULTIER,' is THEODORE MARTIN, an Edinburgh lawyer, who recently married HELEN FAUCIT, the English actress. He removed to London from Scotland, on his marriage, and practises there as a Parliamentary Agent. He is about thirty-five years of age; his wife some years older. The lines on the Marquis of ANGLESEA's leg, *attributed* to CANNING, were written by Mr. THOMAS GASPEY, author of a once popular novel called '*The Lollards*.' He claimed them in CANNING's life-time.' So far one correspondent, who says he 'speaks by the card;' but another correspondent, who tells us that he 'knows whereof *he* affirms,' avers that 'BON GAULTIER' is AYTOUN, of Edinburgh; and that the lines on the Marquis of ANGLESEA's leg *are* by CANNING, and were published in a collection of his writings during his life-time. Who shall decide?

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We trust that in the perusal of the following essay none of our Scottish readers — among whom we number many warm, generous and genial friends — will imitate certain of our Irish contemporaries, by assuming offence where none was intended. 'With these few remarks,' we offer a second instalment of

The Century Papers.

ON THE HABITS OF SCOTCHMEN.

'I found it by the barrenness, hard, in the palm of the hand.' SHAKESPEARE.

'Quid immerentes hospites vexas canis?' HORACE

'SCOTLAND, or North Britain, is a vast country, not quite so large as Ireland. In length the kingdoms are about equal, but Scotland is less broad, being exceeding narrow in some parts. In this respect a Scotchman is a fair epitome of his country. His shibboleth, however, is sufficiently comprehensive for mercantile purposes.

'The reason why Scotchmen admire their own language, is because they are Scotchmen. 'I do not know,' says a friend, 'a more remarkable instance of self-complacency than that of a Scotchman priding himself upon mispronouncing the English tongue.' This opinion is invidious and incorrect, as will be seen by reasons which follow:

'It must strike every one acquainted with this sagacious people, that the chief national characteristic is absence of all pretence. Hence arose their zeal in the cause of the PRETENDER. For it is a common proof that men are apt to admire in others those qualities which they possess not themselves. How else account for those Jacobin spasms, those musical manifestations from flatulent bag-pipes, which welcomed 'Royal CHARLIE,' the Papist, among the blue-nosed Presbyteries of the land of KNOX? Had they not been sufficiently roasted, toasted, grilled, seared, branded, and devilled by the STUART sixty years before? Was there no elder remaining whose memory could reach so far as the days and deeds of CLAVERRHOUSE? None whose taste for music had been seriously impaired by the demands levied upon their auricular organs by that fascinating cavalier? It is impossible to solve the problem, except by the above reason.

'I admire this warlike nation. None love so much to breathe the sulphurous clouds of war as the Scotchman. The smell of brimstone reminds him of home. He comes from his glorious mountains, and goes into the fight bare-breeched. Simple in his diet, he finds content in a manger; and his admiration of the thistle is only emulated by that patient animal so touchingly spoken of in the Sentimental Journey. '*Nemo me impune lacessit*': touch me not with impunity: if thou dost, thou shalt scratch for it,' is his motto. Wrapped in his plaid and his pedigree; revelling in kilts and kail brose; alike ready with his claymore and usquebaugh; with much in his skull and more in his mull; in Highland or Lowland; whether on the barren heath or the no less barren mountain, who can help loving SAWNEY, the child of poetry and poverty? COLERIDGE loved him, CHARLES LAMB loved him, Dr. JOHNSON loved him, JUNIUS loved him, SYDNEY SMITH loved him, and I love SAWNEY, and my love is disinterested. Bless his diaphanous soul! who can help it?

'Scotchmen differ from their Celtic neighbors in some respects. PAR is a prodigal; his idea of a friend is 'something to be assisted'; a joke is the key to his heart. SAWNEY, on the contrary, is *vera* prudent; a friend means 'something from which to expect assistance'; and a joke with him is a problem beyond the Œdipus. An Irishman's idea of a head is something to hit: a Scotchman's, is something to be scratched. I do not know of such a thing extant as an Irish or Scotch Jew. Thrifless PADDY with thrifty MORDECAI would make a compound bitter as salt; but a Scotch Jew, I fancy, would be a hard hand to drive a bargain with.

'Who has not heard of Scottish hospitality? Did you, reader, ever have a Highland welcome? If not, I will tell you what it is. It is a tune upon the national violin; the only thing a stranger gets and carries away from the land o' cakes.

'There is a great difference between the Highland and the Lowland Scot. This, however, is not so evident when they migrate, and get their local peculiarities worn away by attrition with civilized life. Yet there is, and always has been, a difference between them. We, who live amid a population more checkered than the most elaborate specimen of tartan plaid, care very little whether a man's name begin with a 'MAC' or not, that being interesting only to the direc-

tory-publisher, and not bearing at all upon social or fashionable life. But the question assumes a different aspect when Mr. FERGUSON recognizes in Mr. McFINGAL a descendant of some former McFINGAL, who, in a moment of playful levity, came down from Ben this or Ben that, with his kilted Kernes and Gallowglasses, in the manner so beautifully described by young NORVAL, and at one fell swoop carried off all his (Mr. FERGUSON's) ancestral FERGUSON's owsen and kye, his Eryholmes and Ayrshires, his lambies and hoggies, yowes, and whatsoever else of farm-stock and implements lay handy and convenient, without so much as leaving his note-of-hand for the same.

'Nor does Mr. McFINGAL feel a throb of joy at meeting a descendant of that FERGUSON who, with a sma' band in hoddin gray, burked his ancestral McFINGAL, when in all the glory of clan-plaid and sporran the old gentleman was looking very like a male BLOOMER without pantalettes, and reminded him of previous little familiarities by hanging him to the nearest tree, (if he found one large enough,) for fear he might never get another chance. These trifling family bickerings, however, rarely disturb the outward manifestations of courtesy: Mr. F. meets Mr. McF. with the utmost apparent cordiality; although, I fear, each have a secret impulse which had better be left nidden in the Scotch mists of dubiety.

'One faculty peculiar to Scotland is the gift of second-sight. A remarkable dilation of the pupil when a Scotchman sees a shilling makes it appear in his eyes as large as two shillings. This is second-sight. To it may be ascribed his wonderful abstemiousness. A red-herring in his ecstatic vision becomes glorified—it rises to the majesty of a silver-salmon; a spare-rib expands to a sirloin, and a bannock o' barley-meal enlarges to the dimensions of a bride's-cake. 'You never see,' says Mr. STRAHAN to Dr. JOHNSON, 'you never see people dying of hunger in Scotland as you often do in England.' 'That,' replied the Doctor, 'is owing to the impossibility of starving a Scotchman.' This anecdote, which I give upon the authority of JAMES BOSWELL, Esq., Laird of Auchinleck, will be readily understood, if we accept the above postulate.

'That second-sight is a source of great gratification to Scotchmen is unquestionably true, but there is one exception. Very few of that 'volant tribe of bards,' I take it, covet much a second sight of their own country. In support of this opinion, let me mention a circumstance which occurred some years ago in England. A Scotchman, for some offence, was sentenced, in one of the criminal courts, to be hanged; but his countrymen, in a petition as long as his pedigree, besought the KING to commute the sentence, to which His MAJESTY graciously acceded, ordering him to be transported instead. When SAWNEY heard of this little diversion in his favor, in place of expressing any signs of joy, he turned, with misery written in every lineament of his face, and asked where the KING intended to send him. 'To Botany-Bay,' was the answer.

'Gude bless his saul!' said SAWNEY, brightening up at once; 'I was afraid I was to be sent hame again!'

'I look forward to acquiring a taste for Scottish poetry as one of the pleasing accomplishments of my old age. What I mean, is that written in the melodious dialect of the land of HOGG. Scottish prose, I regret to say, has scarcely an existence, owing to the fact that every scholar in North Britain endeavors to learn English as speedily as possible, in order to fulfil his destiny; for to write a *History of England* seems to be the height of Scotch literary ambition. It is a singular fact, but for the disinterested labors of their brethren in the North, Englishmen would scarcely know any thing of their own country.

'Pride of birth is another happy attribute of SAWNEY. No matter how unkindly the north-wind may whistle through his tattered breeks; no matter if he have not a bawbee in his loof, nor parritch in his pot, he looks back through the haze of antiquity, and beholds his illustrious forbears, like a string of onions reversed, with the biggest ones on top and the little ones following at a respectful distance.

'There is something so *naïve* in TENNANT's life of ALLAN RAMSAY, that I cannot help bringing it in here, by way of an episode:

'His step-father, little consulting the inclination of young ALLAN, and wishing as soon as possible, and at any rate, to disencumber himself of the charge of his support, bound this nursing of the Muse apprentice to a wig-maker. Lowly as this profession is, it has been vindicated by one of RAMSAY's biographers into comparative dignity, by separating it from the kindred business of barber, with which it is vulgarly and too frequently confounded. RAMSAY was never, it seems, a barber; his enemies never blotted him with that ignominy; his calling of 'skull-thacker,' as he himself ludicrously terms it, was too dignified to be let down into an equality with the men of the razor. Thus from the beginning his business was with the *heads of men*!'

'If this be not getting cleverly out of a bad business, I do not understand Scotch. Having vindicated the young 'skull-thatcher' from the sharp practice of men of the razor, it will not be out of place to lift him a notch higher by another quotation from the same book: 'His mother, ALICE BOWER, was daughter of ALLAN BOWER, a gentleman of Derbyshire, whom Lord HORE-

town had brought to Scotland to superintend his miners. In his lineage, therefore, our poet had something to boast of, and though *born to nae lairdship*, (he means 'not worth a rap,') 'he fails not to congratulate himself on being sprung from the loins of a DOUGLAS.'

'In the South there are certain porous vessels through which fluids, no matter how impure, distil in bright drops, without showing any taint of the offensive contact. In like manner, it is easy to imagine the blood of a DOUGLAS percolating through the clay of a wig-maker, and descending to a late posterity in all its original splendor. Methinks I see it centuries hence, running its devious course through paupers and scavengers; through poets and pick-pockets; rusting in gaols and stagnating in alms-houses, but finally blazing out in pristine lustre; flashing on panels, glittering on harness, blazing in plaids—the same old feudal blood of the RED DOUGLAS, which throbbed in the heart of ALLAN RAMSAY, the skull-thatcher, and author of one of the sweetest lyrical dramas in the language!

'With this grand flourish of bag-pipes, I drop the curtain. In the words of my old friend, 'May ye be as wise as a serpent, and as cannie as a dove.'

OWING to the large amount of matter 'brought over' from our last number, and the pressure upon the pages of this department in the present, we are compelled to postpone the graphic sketch of '*The Benevolent Man*,' from the 'Century Papers,' until our next; by which time, perhaps, the 'Habits of Englishmen' and the 'Habits of Yankees' will have been duly considered. Speaking of 'benevolent men,' a western correspondent describes a model in this kind. When his son, a hard-working youth, visits the homestead at the end of his week's labor, his father makes him bring corn to feed his horse, and pay for what he consumes himself over Sunday! Precious sort of '*Old Folks at Home*' these, are n't they? - - - UNDER the appropriate head of '*Much Ado about Nothing*,' VERITAS, a western correspondent, sends us the following: 'Looking over the KNICKERBOCKER for October, 1848, I found a poem entitled 'WALLENSTEIN, the renowned conqueror of GUSTAVUS VASA,' by J. E. DOW. If J. E. DOW possessed any historical knowledge, he (or she) would know that it was impossible for WALLENSTEIN to conquer GUSTAVUS VASA, for the following reasons: GUSTAVUS VASA was born about the year 1500. I say 'about,' as the first authentic date I am able to find is of the year 1518, when he was sent to Denmark as a hostage. WALLENSTEIN was born in the year 1553. The first mention made of him (WALLENSTEIN) in military affairs is in the year 1617, when he led a regiment of cavalry against the Viennese. So that, according to 'J. E. D.,' GUSTAVUS VASA must have been at least one hundred years old when conquered by WALLENSTEIN! That he did not live to that age, is proved by the fact that he was succeeded in the year 1556 by King ERIC XIV. 'J. E. D.' evidently intends to refer to GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. To 'cap the climax,' J. E. DOW asserts that WALLENSTEIN was the 'conqueror' of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS! GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, 'the invincible Lion of the North,' conquered by WALLENSTEIN, forsooth! I will prove that GUSTAVUS conquered WALLENSTEIN. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS landed in Germany in the year 1630. In the autumn of 1631 he defeated TILLY, and on the eleventh of November, 1632, was opposed, for the first and last time, to WALLENSTEIN, at Lützen. The battle began. The KING was indeed killed, but his troops gained the day. In proof whereof, I subjoin the following extract from KOHLRAUSCH's 'History of Germany.' After relating the fall of GUSTAVUS and the rallying of the Swedes by BERNARD of Weimar, he says: 'PICCOLOMINI, already covered with blood, mounted his fifth horse, and PAPPENHEIM, who had fought nobly, fell mortally wounded. Many fled, and disorder prevailed. 'The battle is lost! the Swedes are upon us!' was the cry. WALLENSTEIN gave orders to sound a retreat!' SCHILLER, in his '*Geschichte der dreizigjährigen Kriegs*,' ('History of the Thirty-Years' War,' which I believe is allowed to be authority,)

thus speaks of the termination of that memorable action. I translate from the original German before me: 'Thither (to Leipsic) the Duke of Friedland directed his retreat' — very strange that the 'renowned conqueror' should retreat before the conquered — 'and there, on the next morning, the scattered remnants of his army, without standards, without artillery, and almost without weapons, joined him.' I am convinced that nothing but oversight on the part of the accomplished Editor of the 'KNICKERBOCKER' could have tolerated the insertion of such blunders in its pages. 'Think ye, Sir; but even an Editor does n't know every thing!

—
'FRIEND after friend departs :
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end !'

'DEATH,' says Sir THOMAS BROWNE, 'is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door.' The 'grim Messenger' has but even now paused for a moment at the dwelling of an old and dearly-cherished friend; touched his warm heart with his cold hand; and 'changed his countenance and sent him away!' The sudden death of SAMUEL D. DAKIN, Esq. has been announced in the public journals; and the painful intelligence has been received with emotions of no common sorrow by all who had the enjoyment of his acquaintance. His was a noble, just, sincere, generous, gentle spirit. In manner he was dignified without being formal, and although sometimes apparently retiring into his inner self, he yet looked outwardly with a most kind and sweet allowance upon his fellow-men. In his habits he was genial, in his conduct unimpeachable, in his feelings warm and affectionate, to the last degree. A more tender, loving husband, a more affectionate father, or a more generous, steadfast friend, was never taken from mourning survivors to 'another and a better world.' We knew our departed friend intimately for nearly twenty years; and during that long period, we cannot recall a single act that does not justify every word that we have written. How many will grieve that he has been taken from us in the very prime of his life, the very vigor of his ripened manhood! Who can offer consolation to an afflicted family for the loss of such a husband, father, brother, friend? Sad and grievous indeed it is to realize that such a man has been taken away, and that we shall 'see his face no more!' We condense from a well-written obituary in the *Evening Post* the following passages:

'MR. DAKIN's disease was an affection of the heart. He had been ill but a few days, and on the day of his death was apparently much better. While partaking of a cup of tea in his apartment, he sank back in his chair and died, with the suddenness characteristic of the disease. We doubt whether any private citizen could have been named, whose death would have caused a sorrow at once so deep and so wide-spread. He was well known in the commercial world as the patentee of the floating sectional dry-dock, of which he had already constructed two for the government of the United States—one at Portsmouth, (N. H.), the other at Philadelphia; and was engaged with Messrs. GILBERT AND SECOR in the construction of one at Pensacola, and another at San Francisco. Indeed, his business transactions were of the most extensive and complicated nature, reaching from Maine to California; and whoever was brought into frequent contact with him became his friend and admirer.

'It is too often the case, that men engaged in extensive pecuniary transactions become destitute of those kindlier qualities which serve to smooth the rugged pathway of human life. In the great struggle for property which characterizes the present age, the heart often becomes hard, and the gentler offices of life are performed in a business-like manner, which takes away half their merit and all their sweetness. But with Mr. DAKIN it was not so. Carrying on different kinds of business, which, from their extent and variety, would have overwhelmed any

ordinary man, and obliged, from the nature of his operations, to study profoundly the human character, he yet preserved a delicacy of sentiment and a warmth of feeling which seemed to quicken and exalt the humbler natures around him.

'The world does not generally sufficiently appreciate the ability which is often shown in the conduct of great business transactions. The talent shown in the composition of an oration, or the negotiation of a treaty, which gains its possessor a world-wide reputation, may be greatly inferior to that manifested in some vast commercial enterprise, which is passed by unnoticed. Circumstances had turned Mr. DAKIN's talents in this latter direction, and in it he had exhibited a strength of purpose and a grasp of intellect which, employed in politics or literature, would have marked him among the first men of his time.

'His whole mental and moral constitution was cast in a large and liberal mould. All his views, whether of business or domestic life, were comprehensive and generous. No difficulties were to him insurmountable, no obstacles too great to be overcome. Pursuing his objects with an activity almost marvellous, and an energy which taxed his body and brain to their utmost capacity, he yet preserved their fires pure and bright on the altar of his sympathies and affections. He had received a finished education, and had preserved all that delicacy of taste, that love for the beautiful in art and literature, which is so often crushed out by the rude jostling of active life.'

Mr. DAKIN wrote with force, polish, and ease, both in prose and verse, as former communications of his to these pages will abundantly attest. Even at the time of his death, notwithstanding the great extent and probable duration of his vast business enterprises, he was looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to the time when he could resume those literary studies which he had loved in his youth, and honored in his riper years. He had formed the design of writing a history of the progress of civil liberty, from the earliest ages, the scope of which possessed those qualities of comprehensiveness which characterized his mind. We well remember the delight he manifested, on one occasion, at finding that, contrary to a temporary fear he had entertained, his plan had not been anticipated. 'A man of such abilities, such energy, such practical knowledge of the world, and such exaltedness of soul, could not have failed to produce a work instructive to others and honorable to himself. Only fifty years of age, he bade fair to be able to complete all these plans. He has been stricken down suddenly in the full strength of his manhood; and while his loss falls with a crushing weight upon his family; while it shrouds in grief and gloom all connected with him; it also deprives the world of one of that class of men, few in number, who exhibit the combination, so rare and so precious, of a great head and noble heart.' - - - No pen, except the pen of the not very 'ready writer' who sent the enclosed letter to our editorial contemporaries of the '*Nashville (Tenn.) American*,' can do justice to its inimitable chirography. The editors aforesaid have sent it to us for insertion in the '*Gossip*;' and we print it verbatim from the original 'copy.'

'A. H. MOSS.

'STATE of Tennessee Jackson County October the 25 1852

'Sir: Mr. E. G. EASTMAN & THOMAS. BOYERS. Editors of the Amera Genteil men please inform mee to sum of the Grocery Keepers in your City I Will bee very Glad to keep Grocery and if there is any vacancy i Would Bee very mutch pleased to get in I am a young man 20 years of age I delight in it wary mutch I Want to be in a Place where i Can get 5 cents a minute if any man wants a Boy they can Write to mee upon What terms that they Will take mee in an if it Soots mee I Will come down ena Steambut to Nashville tennessee I can Play the fiddle sum can work sum in arethmatic Slender form & if there is no Chance for to Sell groceries interduce Mee to Captain I. W. PAGE or some other Boat to Learn to Bee a pilot. if a boy is Wanted they can let mee no What is the condition there is a gread eale of sickness in Jack son mesels is ragin fever an agur Some Deaths
'so nothing moor at present But Remain yours affection friend and When you Write to mee Direct your letter to Whitleyville Po Jackson County Tennessee
'My name is ANDERSON. H Moss his hand an pen

'A. H. MOSS

'Wright to mee as soon as yo can

'Direct your letter to A H Moss

1852'

'THE world,' says some master of verse, 'is full of poetry;' and we are every day more and more convinced of the fact; of which another proof has recently been furnished us by a friend, in the shape of a volume of two hundred and sixty-four pages, including a list of 'patrons' to the same, whose charity enabled the author to 'get it out.' It bears this title: '*Sacred Poems: Poems of Love and Romance: Humorous and Narrative Poems.*' By ALBERT WHITE, M.D. The book is 'embellished' with a 'portrick' of the writer, a dingy lithograph, representing a man with a narrow head, sheared to the skull, with forehead and chin shaved at top and bottom, little gimlet-eyes in a 'fine frenzy' rolling, a pinched-up nostril, a 'perky' mouth with an expression of BUNSBY 'wisdom' that makes you laugh; a 'white choke;' a gorgeous-figured handkerchief in one hand, and a pen suspended over a virgin sheet of paper in the other; *that* pen which recorded the brilliant thoughts that follow this most appropriate introduction. But let us give a few of these, so that our readers may 'drink at the well of pure English 'poetry undefiled.' Our extracts will be brief but consecutive, and chosen as well with a view to variety as to styles of composition. '*The Nature of Friendship*,' a kind of satirical lyric, affords us this fine stanza:

'THE rich, amidst their luxury,
FRIENDSHIP incessant courts;
The poor, oppressed with poverty,
She seldom to resorts.'

Admire, please, the inversion and the grammar of the foregoing 'specimen.' As a descriptive bit, take this gem from '*Reflections on Mount Holyoke*:'

'He never sought, Connecticut!
On all thy banks, this valley through,
No mansion but his lowly hut,
No steam-boat but his birch canoe:
He gambol'd o'er these rugged hills,
And on thy river banks would go;
Caught trout and salmon, pikes and eels,
And on these mountains slew the roe.'

'No steam-boat but his birch canoe' is a decided figure of speech and the 'utterance' of a WHITE man, though it would better befit one of CHRYSTIE's sable jokers. The domestic and affectionate poems must be represented by the following, from '*No Place Like Home*,' which is as original in its character as in its title:

'Midst pleasures and palaces,
And there I have been some,
I have not such calluses,
But I can think of home.
Home! sweet, sweet home! etc.

What would poor JOHN HOWARD PAYNE have thought of *that*, had he been living! In the '*Lines written while Away from Home in a Violent Storm*,' we have great simplicity. Indeed, one seldom encounters any thing so *very* simple. *Voilà*:

Blow softly there! lest thou should raise <i>The 'pa and mother cry;</i> And cause the waking mother's lays, 'Hush! children, lullaby!'	'For father he is far from home, And cannot hear you say: 'Papa do n't sleep till I have some:' No! father's far away!'
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In rendering into blank-verse WIRT's story of 'The Blind Preacher,' we cannot but admit, in 'justice' to our author, that he has made an entirely different thing of it. Why, after such success, might it not be advisable to 'rhymify' some of SHAKESPEARE's blank-verse? Mr. WHITE could make the sweet Swan of Avon cackle like a goose, if he were to set about it. Uncommonly blank-verse is the WHITE version of the 'Declaration of Independence;' but where all is so felicitous, extracts are difficult: *l'embarras des richesses*. We must subjoin one

example, however, of our poet's 'blank' style. Our excerpt is from '*The Broken Vow*.' It illustrates a family quarrel, where an unkind husband wanted his wife to go to Texas with him, and she would n't do it:

'SHE warned him, if he went,
That he must go alone, though hard to part!
But he determined, stubborn as a mule,
To have his way and say once in a year;
Though it was said his will he ever had.
And now, as if there was no other way
To cross her feelings; and to glut his own,
Seized on this course, as on a last resort,
To let her know that she must follow him
Submissive, though into a serpent's den.
He asked her, will you go? She told him no!
And so had told him often, kindly though;
When he, enraged, took from her his effects,
Decried her credit, and denied a home
On his account.

'He asked her then to go;
She answered no! Abruptly he broke out,
'Go to the d——I then, if you will! I'll go
To Texas, d——n it all!'

'This was man's love!

'*My Childhood's Home*' is rich in 'specimens,' a regular 'placer' of poetical treasure; but there is too much natural feeling in it for '*these* diggings,' and we pass it by. The parents who 'are dead and gone, their singing done,' and the familiar sights and sounds of the old homestead, shall remain intact from any pen-stroke of ours. Our last extract is from a very long 'narrative-tale,' bearing the euphonious title, '*Touch of Kindred Ties*.' It is a story of love that didn't run smooth; of a separation; of going to New-Orleans to 'make money;' of making it; and coming back, and 'getting married' to HELEN. These stanzas must 'satisfy the sentiment:'

'Now any longer, God forbid
The cause of discord I should be,
Your mother and sisters have had
Since I've been in your family.
Respect I for your father had,
And, HELEN, for my love to you,
I've borne the treatment as I did;
To bear it longer will not do.

'Into the world in hopes I go,
A fortune I may yet acquire;
And tell me, HELEN, if I do,
And come again, may I aspire?
Oh I will love you still, said she,
Him interrupting at aspire;
O CHARLES! I always shall love thee,
Nor other's love shall I desire!

'Farewell! said he, and then a kiss
On her sweet rosy lips impressed;
Then tore him from this scene of bliss,
And from the angel he would blessed
Another hour, that house he quit,
Where he so many years had spent
Happy with HELEN, hoping yet,
And out upon the world he went.

'T WAS near the closing of the day
Of a mild summer evening, when
A steam-boat at New-Orleans lay,
With crowded decks of stranger men,
Each eager for to tread once more
Upon the land, they sallied forth.
Among the last that stepped on shore
Was a tall young man from the North!'

And now Dr. WHITE may like to know what we really think of his volume. We will tell him. We think, that to compare it with a bottle of very small beer, would be greatly to belie that fluid. There is not a line in it above mediocrity; and how any man, three degrees removed from a zany, could have written and *printed* such a volume, passes our poor comprehension. Those of his 'patrons' alone who forgot to pay him could have 'got their money's worth.' His other subscribers have our sympathy! - - - SEVERAL years since, there resided in the town of W —, (Mass.) two very worthy maiden ladies, having a sister, supposed to be in a deep consumption, living in the State of Pennsylvania. One day a letter was received by these ladies from a friend, at whose house their sister was visiting. The Rev. Dr. K — was immediately sent for, to sympathize and condole with them on the death of 'Sister MARY.' The next

Sabbath, the bereaved pair made their appearance at church, clad in habiliments of woe, their faces expressing deep and heart-felt grief as the clergyman gave out that 'members of that congregation desired prayers, that the death of an absent sister might be sanctified unto them for their spiritual good,' etc., etc. A funeral sermon was preached, in which the speaker deascanted upon the many virtues of the deceased, and entreated his hearers to take the solemn lesson to heart, as *they* too might soon be called from earth, and perhaps without that preparation for the great change which he trusted their departed sister had experienced. On the following week, 'calls of condolence were received from friends of the family;' among others, Dr. K——, who wished to learn the particulars relating to the death of one whom he had known so well. 'Really,' said one of the sisters, in reply to his question, 'we were so much affected on learning the sad news, that we did not conclude the letter, nor have we felt like looking at it since. But I'll get it, that you may read it to us.' With a very grave countenance, (as befitted the occasion,) the worthy divine read on till he came to the following: 'It is my sad duty to convey to you the intelligence of the death of our poor *Mare*. She died last night of the disease from which she has been suffering so long a time, the *botts*!' You can imagine the sudden change that spread over the lengthened physiognomy of the reader! It is needless to say, the sable suits of the sisters were laid aside for another occasion. 'Poor MARY' did not shuffle off the 'mortal coil' until several years after. - - - FROM the same source whence we received the description of 'JIMMY,' the *Yankee Parlor-Orator*, in our last number, we derive the subjoined gossiping and acceptable note:

'LAST Fourth-of-July was a beautiful day in our town, but the streets were rendered unpleasant by crowds, Chinese-crackers, and frightened horses: so I, with two or three friends who had escaped for a day from your great city, placed chairs under an old garden pear-tree, and with books, papers and cigars indulged in tranquil pleasure. All of which is not related for the purpose of startling the-world, but merely for the sake of saying, that from that day dates my love for the 'KNICKERBOCKER.' I was turning over its pages rather lazily, when my eye happened to fall on a letter from 'Up the River,' (the first of the series, I believe,) on that particular passage in which the writer made known to the country that he was anxious to procure a hen of the Shanghai breed. That letter pleased me immensely. I compelled my friends to lay down the '*Tribune*' and '*Times*,' and give their undivided attention to a production of more moment. 'There is news enough,' said I, 'at any time, but here is something out of the common course of things.' They were sensible companions, and agreed with me. That Shanghai hen was running in my head for the remainder of that glorious day. In the evening—when the old elms on the 'Green' were lighted up by flashing fire-works, and thousands of eyes followed whizzing rockets far up into the sky, or watched the clusters of gold and crimson stars as they slowly fell to earth—I was still speculating on the probable result of that appeal for a Shanghai hen! Your 'Up the River' friend has since elevated and immortalized that ungainly race of fowls; and I think it no more than right that the Shanghais should call a mass convention, and appoint a deputation to visit that story-and-a-half house up the river, and then and there to crow their everlasting thanks.

'Your correspondent says he is not an artist: it is a mystery to me how he can *help* being an artist. He makes rare pictures with a pen, at any rate. Whether he describes a rustic gate, a rat, a robin, a squirrel, a misty morning, a hen's nest, or an ice-storm, it is always just the thing. His animals seem to me as true to nature as if painted by LANDSEER; his birds, as if done by AUDUBON; inanimate things as perfect as beer-jugs and pipes in paintings by OSTADE; landscapes as beautiful as if put on canvas by CLAUDE. If that is n't good criticism, it must be attributed to the fact that I never had a chance to see the works of any of the painters mentioned. But to come down from painting to poultry.

'My old game-rooster is in a shocking bad way. He used to be lively and lustrous when he had a harem about him, but having lost his family by disease and decapitation, he now staggers about with no definite object in view. He is, moreover, afflicted with a complication of disorders—pip and spring-halt, I should imagine—which make a complete puppet of him, and

continually frustrate any little journeys he may undertake; bringing him up, disgusted and discouraged, in undesirable corners. He still attempts to herald the morn, and respond to challenges thrown out in various directions; but on account of an impediment in his voice, he is either cut short at the start, or obliged to continue when he is conscious that he is making a total failure of it. He will soon join that chanticleer of yours in some chicken-paradise where pip and hen-coops are unknown, and where celestial corn is scattered in great profusion—for all that I know to the contrary.

'We had a BURNS' Festival at the 'Tontine,' which 'JIMMY' attended. It was nearly a new thing here; JIMMY thought it a good thing; JIMMY wished to make it an annual thing for all coming time; and, therefore, gave it his countenance and support. When the night was somewhat advanced, and sentiments of equality, liberty and fraternity were somewhat popular, a young orator was about winding up his speech with the usual self-deprecatory remarks: 'But, gentlemen, there are others here more eloquent than myself,' etc., when JIMMY, who sat directly opposite the speaker, rose, and in a patronizing and pleasing way, said: 'Go on, Sir, go on; you're doin' no harm; your intentions is good; you do n't mean any thing out the way!' Which having said, JIMMY resumed his seat. Was not that young man ungrateful? He did n't even *thank JIMMY.*

AMONG the new representatives of the people who will enter the House for the first time at the next term of our National Congress, will be HON. MICHAEL WALSH, of this city. That he will 'rise with the occasion' is the opinion and the hope of those who are acquainted with his talents and his fearless honesty of purpose. Ardent and impulsive though he may be, he will seldom be found to offend against the courtesies of debate; while as a speaker he will prove impassioned and entirely original. Some idea of his impressive manner may be gathered from the following passage, taken from an impromptu speech delivered some ten years ago at Tammany Hall. It is an illustration of the speaker's argument for down-trodden MAN, who lacks not the merit but the opportunity to rise:

'WHEN a man is placed in a false position, the very traits of his character that would be virtuous in a true one are looked upon as faults, or denounced as vices, by those who attempt to form an estimate of his character without possessing instruments to take the altitude of his mind. When the temple of MINERVA was finished, at Athens, two rival sculptors of that city were employed to decorate its summit with a statue of the goddess. Each labored in secret, and followed the conceptions of his own mind, with a view to the production of a master-piece of art. On the day that the merits of the statues were to be decided upon, and the hour for so doing had arrived, a few of the self-constituted judges gathered in front, while thousands remained behind who could see nothing. Those in front passed judgment upon the production, like the leaders of our party, and the thousands who could see nothing hurrah'd and responded to the decision. One statue was of the size of life, finely sculptured and of most exquisite workmanship; the features beautifully chiselled, until life seemed starting from the marble. The other was of colossal size, with huge and apparently unshapely limbs, and features that looked to the immediate observer more like unmeaning protuberances than any thing else. When the judges gave a decision in favor of the small but beautiful statue, it was gradually raised amid the shouts of the multitude, and became dimmer and fainter as it receded from their view; and when it finally reached the pedestal, it resembled nothing human or divine, but seemed to have dwindled to a mere point. The applause gave way to murmurs and disapprobation, and it was then lowered, to make room for its rejected rival, which was very reluctantly hoisted in its stead. As it receded from the earth its deformities lessened, and gave way to an appearance of symmetry and beauty, which increased with its distance from the earth; and when it finally reached the pinnacle from which the sculptor, from his knowledge of perspective and proportion, designed it should be viewed, *then* it looked as if the Divinity herself, so beautiful was its aspect, had descended to receive the homage of her worshippers. So is it with men. GOD ALMIGHTY moulded the characters of men according to the station which he intended they should ultimately fill; and when a man is placed by circumstances in a position lower than that in which he was created to move, his virtues become vices in the eyes of those whose vision is too short to view him as a whole, and who therefore reject him as unfit for elevation.'

We know not how this may strike others, but to our poor sense it is one of the most beautiful and truly classical similes we ever encountered, expressed in language of the utmost purity and simplicity. Apropos of MR. WALSH: his keen sense of the ridiculous sometimes leads him to the perpetration of legislative jokes, which would perhaps hardly do in so dignified a body as the American Congress. When in our State legislature, last winter, he suddenly 'rose to a point of order' in the midst of an exciting debate. When requested by the

speaker to 'state his point of order,' he replied, without the change of a muscle: 'I wish to know whether the members of this House of Assembly, elected and sent here by the people, are to be ousted from their seats, during our deliberations, by outsiders and strangers? Now, Sir, I see such a person in the seat of the gentleman from ———, who has not asked leave of absence, and whom I have good reason to believe to be at this moment in the city. I move, Sir, that he be taken into custody by the sergeant-at-arms, and expelled from the seat he has usurped!' All eyes were turned to the intruding 'outsider,' who was none other than the rightful occupant of the seat, yet scarcely recognizable by his friends, for the reason that that very morning he had for the first time covered a head which until then had been as bald and shining as an ostrich-egg, with a full-flowing wig; and it was to this transformation that Mr. WATSON was desirous to direct the especial attention of the House. - - - The following incident 'came off' in a certain poor-house in New-Hampshire. A young clergyman visiting the establishment seated himself by the side of a deaf old woman, when this conversation ensued: CLERGYMAN (*shouting*): 'How old are you, my good Madam?' WOMAN: 'Eighty-eight year old, come last May!' CLERGYMAN (*in a sad tone*): 'Eighty-eight years old! Before eighty-eight years shall have passed over me, I shall be food for worms!' OLD WOMAN (*horried*): 'Worms, did you say? Are you troubled with 'em? I never know'd grow'd-up men-folks to have 'em bad!' The clergyman was observed to come away very suddenly after that question and answer! - - - Some more 'things' about the 'little folk,' which we always hear and record with pleasure: 'A little girl, by name ABBY B ———, went recently to pass the night with KATE C ———. Now ABBY was taught, what KATE was not, namely, to say her prayers on going to bed at night: so after they had retired, ABBY repeated the Lord's prayer, until she came to 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when KATE interrupted her with: 'O ABBY, why don't you ask for *toast*? I like toast a great deal the best!' — 'In reading,' writes another correspondent, 'with charmed eagerness Mr. SHELTON's *true* history of the 'Rector of St. Bardolph's,' I met with a sentence which reminded me of one of those strange and striking utterances of childhood which form so *vraisemblable* a feature of the KNICKERBOCKER 'Gossip.' Quoting a 'wise saw,' he remarks: 'What a capital old proverb is that! I wish that I had made it!' My little girl, of something under five years, while gazing a few mornings since at the broad, fiery disc of the rising sun, suddenly exclaimed: 'Mamma, I wish God had n't made the sun!' 'Why, my dear?' 'Oh! it's so beautiful, I wish I had made it myself!' — AND thus a third contributor, in a letter to the EDITOR: 'BOBBY,' a three-years old little fellow, sitting at table the other day, some one remarked to him: 'BOBBY, you'll be a man before your mother, yet.' 'BOBBY's' eyes expanded, but he nibbled away at his pie, and said nothing. The pie and his reverie coming to an end together, 'BOBBY' thus transfigured his interrogator: 'Womans do n't be mans, be they?' Who can tell what throes preceded the delivery of this profound inquiry? And who in this day of BLOOMERISM and 'woman's rights' could conscientiously reply with 'No?' - - - We have received a letter from Mrs. MARTHA NEPPINS, 'expoging' a successful attempt to 'take her in' at an oratorio, and enclosing us a 'pome' in hexameters that had been sent for insertion in the '*Quog Ladies' Literary Gem*,' by one K. N. PEPPER, Esq. These 'bide their time.' - - - In answer to a correspondent, who inquires, 'Who is Mr. NORTH, the author of that splendid piece of versification, 'BLONDINE,' in one of your past numbers?' we reply, that he is a young man,

an Englishman by birth, but a republican in sentiment; a cousin of Lord NORTH, Earl of Guilford, who when quite young studied at the universities of Bonn and Berlin, and at the age of seventeen wrote in London 'Anti-Coningsby,' in reply to D'ISRAELI, a work which met with decided success; and soon after published a novel called 'The Impostor:' he also translated Prince PUCKLER MUSKAU's Travels in Egypt, and LAMARTINE's 'Poetical Meditations.' An original political satire followed, called 'Free Trade in Souls,' which was succeeded by a very remarkable work, which we have read, entitled 'The Infinite Republic.' He was a contributor to the leading periodicals of England and Scotland; and since his arrival in America, articles from his pen, in prose and verse, which have been widely copied and commended, have appeared in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, and in many of the best magazines and journals of the country. - - - 'As I was passing through one of our villages a short time since, on 'a public day,' writes an Oxford (Md.) correspondent, 'I made a halt at one of the hotels; and having seated myself in the bar-room, one of the devotees of BACCHUS accosted me by announcing his democratic principles, and asking my sentiments. Whereupon I informed him that I was a republican. 'Wal,' said he, 'I'spect your politics is kin to mine: won't you take a drink?' On answering in the affirmative, and going up to the bar, I called for 'ADAM's ale.' At first he did not know what I meant, and on learning what 'ADAM's ale' was, he emptied his purse, which had contained three shillings, and swore he wouldn't drink that 'cussed stuff' as long as he had any money. Then taking his drink, he whirled round to one of his 'brother chips,' and said: 'He must be one of them blasted *red-headed republicans!*' - - - 'The touching story of 'little FLORENCE' in your last number,' writes 'BEVERLEY,' of New-Jersey, 'awakened sweet memories of another darling of the household, who, last summer, 'angel-hearted,'

— 'started
On Life's evermore.'

Never will the memory of his departure be effaced. The gloom of that first bereavement throws its sombre shadows every where. The nursery that echoed to the music of his voice, and that was lighted by his smile—a smile 'more sunny than the first entrance of sun-beams into the room'—seems now all desolate as the grave. The broken toys, the empty chair, the half-torn leaves of the pictured book, all are there as they were wont to be; but now, alas! mute witnesses of the companionship and associations of the past, at the same time bringing forward in bolder relief the crushing loneliness of the present. It was a lovely afternoon, on the sea-side; a group of merry children were gathered on the beach; and loudest in that happy throng rose the ringing voice of their little play-mate, a fair child, with large blue eyes, and high pale brow. Even the noise of the trampling surf on the hard sea-sand could not drown the sound of that merry, ringing laugh. Little did fond hearts then think how near that little voyager was to the great ocean of eternity, of which the one on whose shores he sported is but the emblem! The children had gathered for him the pure white stones, and blue-veined shells, that lay scattered along the beach, to fill his little basket; and as they each came forward to present their stores, it called forth the perfect ecstasy of delight that made his laugh ring forth so loud and clear. 'These play-things of old ocean' were to him his last sport in this world. That wee basket, with its round white stones and dimpled shells, is now the priceless treasure of a mother's heart; a sacred thing in the home left unto us desolate. That night the mark of the DESTROYER was upon

the high pale brow. A few days—days of earnest prayer, deep anxiety and suffering—and the cherished one faded from our sight,

‘LEAVING traces of his spirit
Only pure and white.’

A little white head-stone, in a quiet country church-yard, tells that the little play-mate is now

‘RESTING sweetly elsewhere;
Through our hearts *he* made a pathway
To the entrance *there*

The simple inscription,

‘ACCEPTED IN THE BELIEVED.
THIS FOLDED LAMB RESTS IN THE BOSOM OF JESUS.’

commemorates at once our faith and our consolation.’ - - - ‘Nor far from this place,’ writes a correspondent from Ridgefield, (Conn.,) ‘lived a small Connecticut farmer, who owned some thirty or forty acres of rocky soil, a pair of shrivelled oxen, three or four feeble cows, a flock of chickens, and a pig. He also had a wife, who, unfortunately, sickened and died at this stage of his prosperity. Under this bereavement, his sorrow seemed almost immoderate, and his neighbors were giving him their kindest sympathy. ‘Your trials are heavy to bear,’ said Mr. S —; ‘your loss is very great.’ ‘Yes,’ returned the sorrowing man, the tears trickling from his eyes; ‘I would rather have lost *two of my best cows!*’ In the same neighborhood, ‘the parson’ and his lady were one day making friendly calls on some of their more remote parishioners. They drove up to a small house where there happened to be at home only a lass of seventeen, who had been ‘in the suds’ all day, and a brother, making shoes in the garret. The girl came running down the stairs in her soiled habiliments, and apologized for her appearance thus: ‘Hope you won’t be skairt: I see you gittin’ out o’ the waggin, and I told Jo I was comin’ jest as I was, for I was too tired to *strip!*’ Another resident of the same neighborhood had left her jug at the store to be filled with the juice of cane. On her return, she said to the store-keeper, ‘Mr. SMITH, *are those molasses ready?*’ - - - THE correspondent who inquired, in a recent number, ‘*Who was the Great Unwashed?*’ has thus been answered by another contributor:

‘THE Great Unwashed!—the Great Unwashed!
The daily papers say,
Were out last night in all their force
Pray who and what are they?

‘THE Great Unwashed!—whence is their power?
Go ask the storm-vexed sea
Why break upon the rock-bound shore
Its billows wild and free!

‘THE Great Unwashed!—the pride of France
Sank ‘neath their heavy tread:
In buff they met the shirts of mail,
The helm in ‘bonnet red.’

‘WHAT though their bare feet press the land,
Their garb a JOSEPH’S coat?
Their strength is in their brawny hands,
Their music in their throats!

‘THEIR banner is the starry zone,
Their tent the shades of night;
Their cannon-shot the paving-stone,
Their bayonet the pike.

THE Great Unwashed!—speak not their name
In scoff or idle jest:
Few hands their headlong course can stem—
They’re safest when at rest?’

A MICHIGAN correspondent is responsible for the following: He is speaking of a minister who, in taking a view of his audience during a somewhat protracted sermon, found some who preferred being enfolded in the 'arms of MURPHY,' rather than the true folds of his faith. Whereupon, raising his voice, he coolly remarked that it was usual to charge for lodging in public houses, and he hoped the brethren would raise no objection if he asked of them the shilling fee. On another occasion, the same worthy divine, in the midst of an exciting sermon, untied his cravat and threw it from him, with the remark that he 'believed the devil was trying to choke him to death!' - - - SOME wag of a newspaper editor has issued the following advertisement:

WANTED: A respectable middle-aged 'DEVIL' for this journal. One who lives with his mother preferred. References given and required. Inquire at the office any day but Sunday.

AN Irish servant observing her mistress feeding a pet female canary, asked 'how long it took them craters to hatch?' 'Three weeks,' was the reply. 'Och, sure, that is the same as any other fowl, except a pig!' A veritable fact. - - - Our learned friend, Professor G. SPHINX, in the present paper recordeth a shrewd satire; also his own demise, and the speech which he made at the funeral 'obstacles':

Nobæ Fabulæ.

BY GILBERT SPHINX, MASTER OF ARTS, AND LATE DIRECTOR OF A PLANK-ROAD COMPANY.

Der Fuss-und-Federig Gobbelturkei:

OR THE PORTENTOUS GOBBLER.

'A FARMER had a large and populous poultry-yard, and in it were fowls of high and low degree, from fighting-cocks and Shanghais down to goslings and lame ducks, ridiculous to behold. Among these fowls was a certain gobbler of a bilious and cynical constitution, which was addicted to philosophy more than is the wont of bipeds occupying his social position. The same went rambling around the yard in the most eccentric manner, driving his bill into every unlucky son of a duck that came in his way, twinging the combs on the roosters' heads, and even exchanging clips with the fighting-cocks and tumbling the Shanghais upon their backs without scruple or apology. He had a shrewd eye for mares'-nests, and often discovered that the deuce was to pay long before any body had suspected it. Did he happen to see a red rag fluttering on a goosebury-bush? Whew! Down went his wings, up went his tail, black grew his face, and off blew the steam, 'To-hoot! to-hoot! to-hoot! to-hoot! O ye hide-bound fowls, see you not yon scarlet portent streaming bloody-ominous in the vanguard of Doom? How stand ye in the conflux of two eternities scratching on dung-hills, intent mainly on the welfare of your gizzards, and trusting to the gospel of Popped-corn, while the constable of the Destinies is already heating his gridiron? Ah me! a most incredible and altogether mournful aspect of affairs is this! To you that scarlet portent is nothing; to me, on the other hand, it is much; grim-black, in fact, and wholly truculent and portentous!'

'Did the whole populace run down to the goose-pond to applaud a gander that had poked his head between the pickets to hiss at a mastiff? Down went the quills again. 'These be your gods, O generation of flunkies!' he gobbled. 'Lo! a generation that seeks its heroes in a goose-puddle, and finds its Könnig-Can-ning, or Able Man, in a poor addle-brained male goose: plainly a huge fact, and to me significant of much!'

'Did the multitude run to the gate and stand agog with wonder when the farmer's little daughter brought there her parrot and mocking-bird, the one to call 'chick-chick-chick,' and the other to mock the various dialects of the yard? Off flew our gobbling peripatetic again. 'From Psalms of ASAPH and odes of TYRTEUS, then it has come to this, a goggle-eyed, crook-billed, croaking tropical fowl, playing clown to all Cackledom, and this marvellous mocking-bird quenching its inborn melodies to imitate Guinea-hens and scared ducks! Thee, O green-

feathered, tropical fowl, I judge to have been born with better aptitudes than this; fitter, indeed, to drill devil's-regiments of crows out of chaos, than in this imbroglia of inaptitudes to stand tickling all Cackledom into an explosion of dissonances!

'Such a truculent philosopher could not, of course exist without making his mark on the times, and before long it became the ambition of the younger fry to spout on all subjects after the pattern of the great *Fuss-und-Federig*. Here was a six-weeks' rooster squalling a latter-day pamphlet from the top of a barrel; and there was a small turkey in the burdocks piping at those 'tall walking respectabilities,' the Shanghais, like a veritable SAUERTIG. It was even said that a gosling at the other end of the yard, while paddling in the puddle, called his grandmother a 'wind-bag'—an 'utterance' which cost him half his tail, and a most awful castigation in the corner of the fence from his offended ancestor.

'Wonderful development of talent among the young folks!' said a sanguine old hen to a fighting-cock of a somewhat abrupt style of speech. 'Do you really, my dear Colonel, feel quite at your ease among them?'

'Quite at my ease, Madam, quite at my ease,' the warrior replied. 'I remember too well when they were six dozen eggs in a chip-basket to feel a proper degree of awe. And, furthermore, although I have no fault to find with our bilious friend of the red neck-tie, but consider him, on the whole, a pretty sensible old fellow, I yet think that one portentous gobbler in a generation is quite as many as is wholesome; and if every little slobbering he-turkey, and rooster, and gosling, is going to set up for a portentous gobbler, the sooner they all go into the dinner-pot the better.'

DOCTOR SPHINX'S APOTHEOSIS

'DOCTOR GILBERT SPHINX having lived to an advanced age, and uttered many hundred fables, apophthegms, and deep sayings, greatly to the profit of mankind, died of starvation, and was sulkily thrust into his grave by his fellow-townsmen. For they very truly said: 'If any man starves to death in this land of plenty, it is a sure sign he is lazy, or else destitute of business-talent. Beside, there was the poor-house. Why should he call on us to leave our shops and merchandise to bury him?' Hardly, however, was the old pedagogue out of sight, before the world suddenly found out that he was a man of prodigious understanding, worthy, in fact, of ranking with those three men of pith, SOLOMON, ÆSOP, and BACON. Thereupon all mankind assembled at the grave of the departed, to erect a monument to his memory. After orations, and poems, and a vast deal of other gabble, they put up the monument—a heap of marble as high as Babylon, surmounted by a statue, whereon posterity was admonished, in the best Latin which the universities could furnish, of the numerous virtues of the late Director of a Plank-Road Company. 'Ah!' said the people, 'how good it is in us to do so much for the old Doctor! How grateful he must feel to us; how he must stretch forth his arms, as it were, and hug us all individually and collectively!'

'At this, greatly to the wonder of the multitude, the defunct fabulist himself appeared on the speakers' platform, clad as he was wont to be when living, and said: 'I pray you now, dear friends, go to your homes and refrain from farther gabble, either metrical or non-metrical. Having some time since said my say on earth, it was fitting that I should die; and whether death came from starvation or any other cause, is now manifestly a matter of small consequence. But yet, why should you call me up to thank you? I thank you not. I asked for bread. Ye have given me a stone. Neither will I blame you. Go to your homes. What I crave is peace. Pray close your mouths. I shall lie ill enough at ease with this great heap of stones on my stomach, but that will I gladly bear, so that you refrain from farther gabble. Wind, though dear to the living, is hateful to the dead.'

'The illustrious deceased then disappeared, and the multitude went home in silence.'

It is not always that you find a man willing to relate a circumstance which 'tells upon himself;' but a friend of ours mentions an incident, with the utmost frankness, that turned the laugh against him completely. When DANIEL WEBSTER delivered his speech before the Historical Society at NIBLO's, an aged man, with long white hair and trembling limbs, was assisted upon the platform by two persons, and seated near Mr. WEBSTER: 'Can you tell me, Sir,' said our friend, to a gentleman with two ladies on his arm, 'who that old man is who has just taken his seat upon the platform?' Thus addressed, the 'gentleman' took a glance at the platform, and replied: 'I am not certain, but I think it is General WASHINGTON.'

ron!' The ladies smothered a laugh; our friend looked at his companion, and then at the speaker, to whom he said, in a sarcastic tone: 'Thank you, Sir, for your courtesy: you may possibly want some information from *me* at some time or other.' 'No—*guess not!*' was the cool reply. 'I stood still for a minute or two,' adds our informant; 'but I saw another part of the house that I thought would be more comfortable!' - - - 'MY EYES!' what an OWL we have just liberated from a box sent by express from a friend in the interior of the Empire State! He flew from his place of confinement, and mounted upon the top of a bust of HENRY CLAY, (whose searching eyes his own resembled,) and opened those great orbs of his, which, when he winked, shut off what might have been a view of Africa, so far-piercing was his gaze! 'He tells us,' says our friend the donor, 'that his mother knows the *'Midsummer Night's Dream'* by heart, and that his father, who died toward the close of last autumn, lived in *'The Tempest,'* with PROSPERO and CALIBAN.' At 'this present writing,' he is awaiting a cage at ARCHIE GRIEVE's, where he is well fed and cared for. He will soon preside in the sanctum, the bird of wisdom, 'the SOCRATES of meditation.' - - - THEY have some odd specimens of the *genus homo* 'out in Wisconsin,' if we may trust the report of a correspondent at Madison, in that flourishing State: 'An anecdote is related of a somewhat noted politician hereabout, who was at one time a candidate for Judge of the Circuit Court. A gentleman inquired of another if he intended to support the candidate in question. 'No,' said he, 'never! I'll never vote for a man for circuit-judge who spells God with a small *j*!' A *capital* 'J' would probably have removed his objection. - - - WE mentioned in a late number a painting by Mr. HENRY J. BRENT, now of Rochester, of the great rail-road bridge and falls at Portage on the Genesee, painted for SILAS SEYMOUR, Esq. We have before us a daguerreotype of this picture; and a most admirable work, both as a painting and daguerreotype, it unquestionably is. If the coloring is as good as the composition, it must be preëminently beautiful. A daguerreotype of another picture by this distinguished artist, which he calls 'The Swollen Stream,' has also been sent us. It is of a very different character from the first: a calm expanse of water, with picturesque groups of trees, cattle, and jutting points of land, with hazy mountains in the distance; the whole forming a charming and effective picture. - - - THERE is a movement going on in this metropolis, which interferes with boys' 'vested rights,' and which we commend to the attention of our wise legislators at Albany. The kite-season has opened briskly this spring, and the city-sky is full of them. The telegraph-wires have worked 'much annoy' to the boys, and occasioned great mortality among their aerial friends; and now a new evil threatens them. We allude to the *'Slinging of Kites,'* an offence which calls for the interposition of the courts. It is done in this wise: a kite, high in air, whose antics are watched with intense solicitude by its owner, suddenly descends some distance, and presently the lad finds nothing but a short piece of twine in his hand. A mischievous boy has tied a stone to a string, thrown it over the kite-twine, hauled it down, 'severed the connection,' and made off with the kite. A meaner larceny could not be committed; and we give fair warning, that whenever and wherever we see this trick attempted, we shall immediately hand the offender over to justice, to suffer the 'extreme penalty of the law!' Our boys must be protected in their 'vested rights.' - - - MR. HENRY E. RIELL, of this city, a well-known virtuoso, has in his possession a watch originally belonging to General WASHINGTON, bought in London for the PATER PATRÆ by Dr. FRANKLIN; a massive machine, of pure

gold, that strikes the hours like a clock. The seal to it is a 'WASHINGTON penny,' set around with diamonds; a coin which WASHINGTON stopped at the mint the day they began to coin them. Mr. RIELL has also a watch worn by the lamented HENRY CLAY, with a fac-simile of his autograph on the back. He has also three English 'golden guineas,' so ancient that the annual interest upon them would now amount to more than half a million sterling! - - - 'PERMIT me to state,' writes a Providence (R. I.) friend, 'the exact truth as to what happened in my office yesterday. I had written to Mr. T——, requesting payment of a note, nearly outlawed. His habits of putting far off the day of payment are even beyond mine; so I stated to him, immediately on his calling, that the note must be paid immediately, or payment must be guaranteed by a responsible endorser, or I must sue it. I was immediately told to 'go to a very disagreeable place amongst the rogues,' to which most persons have a decided objection. He then doubled his 'bunch of fives' and, shaking it at me, went backward toward the door: his muscles trembled, his face flushed, and the stopple of his ire flew out: 'I gets no man to *gulentine* my paper; and if you sue me, you don't catch me on the alert, now I can tell you!' - - - A DEAR little boy, the son of esteemed friends on the Hudson, had been ill for several weeks of some disease which his physician was unable to classify, much to the annoyance of his faithful nurse, whose heart was almost as much bound up in her charge as was his affectionate mother's. One day, while the doctor was visiting his little patient, the nurse came down, her face all aglow with excitement: 'Oh! Ma'am,' she exclaimed, 'the doctor has found out what is the matter with little P——: he says it's the *Sui Generis*! It can be cured, can't it? 'Tisn't catching, is it? Little R—— won't get it, will he?' - - - 'A CERTAIN man in this region,' writes a new correspondent, 'looking the other morning at a picture of CUPID on a 'valentine' hand-bill, asked, 'Who is that a portrait of?' 'Of CUPID,' was the reply. 'Humph!' was the rejoinder: 'it must have been taken when he was very *young*!' Apropos of this, is a 'CUPID's Address,' which was sent to us on St. VALENTINE'S day, one verse of which is worthy of being remembered, alike for the sentiment and the style. Both will 'satisfy:'

On > sweeter and fairer
Were the fruits and the feedin',
When a female was sharer
Of the Garden of Eden!

We have great pleasure in calling attention to the presence among us of Mr. L. T. BROECK, formerly Secretary to KOSUTH, and his companion while imprisoned in Turkey. Mr. BROECK is an accomplished teacher of the ancient and modern languages, mathematics, theoretical and practical, scientific and constructive engineering, etc., etc. His accomplished lady also gives lessons upon the piano, and teaches music in French. His evenings are Saturday and Wednesday of each week, at his residence, Number 321, Twelfth-street, near Second-Avenue. Letters to us from Turkey speak in the highest terms of Mr. BROECK's learning and personal character.

'Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And, raging, bend the naked tree!'

WINTER is following BURNS' advice as we write. Outside the warm and pleasant sanctum, the naked trees in the street writhe in the blast that howls along the thoroughfares, and goes on ravaging over the stormy waters of the Hudson! Walking up to-night past Hudson-Square, it seemed as if all the snow-laden

winds, revelling in the tree-tops, were roaring and whistling through the cordage of a thousand ships! How exciting it is to brave the peltings of such a pitiless storm; facing it, and letting the winds 'crack their cheeks' and rage! Perhaps it is because we were a child of March, but we *do* love a wild winter-storm. - - - DURING the present month of March will appear from the press of the Messrs. APPLETON, '*Prismatics*, by Richard Haywarde;' a beautiful book and a rare; superbly and profusely illustrated, from designs by several of our most distinguished artists, and filled with articles as choice and delicate as its engravings. We confidently predict for the work a wide popularity, both on account of its matter and its manner. - - - THERE is a young fellow 'up-river,' who went to Liverpool as fireman on board the Pacific. When he returned, he was asked how he liked the government of the country. 'Oh,' he said, 'first-rate; it does n't *snow* there near so often as it does here!' - - - A FRIEND (whom we '*knew* we knew' before) writing from Florida, where he is 'running *saws*,' not on his 'fellow-mortals,' but through the pitch-pine trees that abound in that region, and where, moreover, he has had 'the shakes' so badly that his *lumbar*-region is decidedly affected, sends us an advertisement of a shoemaker in his vicinity, that is decidedly 'rich.' He offers for sale 'SCOTT, TARNALL, and O'BRIEN Boots,' with an assortment of fancy slippers 'made from the skin of the '*Rattle-snake*!'—a beautiful article!' This article, however, is not so repulsive, after the announcement of 'BEAURIVAGE,' that in that quarter 'rattle-snakes and copper-heads are as gentle as kittens.' Ugh!—git eöut, you pïsen serpents!' - - - A CORRESPONDENT in Detroit, Michigan, (whom well we remember in 'days long vanished,') desires to know who is the author of, and where may be found, a poem entitled '*Napoleon's Prayer*,' of which this is the first stanza:

'Oh! bury me deep in the boundless sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave;
For my spirit in life was fierce and free
As the course of the tempest wave.
And far as the reach of mortal control
Were the depths of my fathomless mind;
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were tides to the rest of mankind!'

Now we have a faint remembrance of the *whole* of this poem; but who wrote it, or where it is to be found, 'this deponent,' not being *able* to say, 'sayeth not.' This, however, we *can* say, 'and we say it boldly,' that if the entire production be equal to the 'sample,' the person who can exhume and restore the poem will be doing good service to all lovers of 'strong-minded' poetry.' - - - OUR old subscribers will remember the 'QUOD CORRESPONDENCE,' begun in the KNICKERBOCKER in 1841, and running through several numbers. It was published in two volumes in 1842, and has been long out of print. Our publisher will shortly issue 'THE ATTORNEY' in one neat volume, revised and corrected by the author. It is a work of the most thrilling description. - - - SEVERAL new books, recently received from publishers in our own and our sister cities, await the adequate notice which, earlier or later, they shall receive. Not a few of them are of rare interest. - - - MORE than half our present 'Gossip' is 'brought over' from our last number; 'which same fully accounts' for the omission of the capital budget of our esteemed correspondent, 'E. R. C.,' of California, 'Modern Improvements,' by 'E. M. W.,' 'Queer Jurors,' by 'O. N. W.,' and the kindred favors of some half a hundred more. - - - 'NUF SED.'